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392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN HOMES.  
**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN BEDSTEAD.  
**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN BATH.  
**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN FURNITURE.  
**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN GATES.  
**A**SPINKALL YOUR OWN DOORS.  
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MILFORD } STRAND.--No. 424.

**Saturday Evening.**

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1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force for any reason. This group includes people who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force for any reason. This group includes people who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force for any reason.



## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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By E. F. SPURRELL.

## XIII.—RAILWAY PORTER.

It is now eleven years since I first joined the noble army of railway porters. I had for a long time been out of employment, and on the pressure of a friend, who was in a little way responsible for my appointment, I joined and was attached to a station not far from Hereford. At first I did not much care for the work, for the hours were long and the pay small, but I soon entered into the routine of the work, and becoming fast friends with the station-master, got along very comfortably. Old Jonas Norton had a rare lot of little stories to tell of things that happened while he was on the line, and I suppose when I reach his age I shall have a few also.

You ask any incidents have as yet occurred to me, sir. Well, there is a goodly number, but I'll only speak of a couple both true, which have impressed themselves on my mind more than any of the others.

The first occurred one December night in the year 1882, and tends to show the extraordinary tricks people resort to to get a living. We had despatched the 10.40 train when I was called outside to assist a female with a box she had just driven up with in a cab. She was a respectable-looking woman, and seemed to be of the better class. She said, she said, just come into the town by another line, and as she was going to leave on the following day for some place a few stations off, wanted to know if her box could remain for the night in the cloak-room. I told her there was no doubt it could, and, putting it on the trolley, trundled it into the office. It was rather a large box, and not very heavy for its size, but she accounted for this by adding that it only contained linen. The booking clerk took the box and stored it away, and she left with the receipt.

I happened to be in the office when she appeared the next morning rather early, assisting the clerk in trying to find a brown paper parcel which a gentleman had left the preceding day, and for which he had called. It was nearing the Christmas festivities, and although S. E. is not a particularly large station and near to Hereford, we were rather brisk with the cloak-room business. When the lady appeared the gentleman asked the clerk to attend to her, which he did, but he was obliged to ask me, for the box, on the previous evening rather light, was now inclined to be rather heavy. We carried it outside, and as we did so a thought struck my friend, and he asked her if she had any objection to opening the chest. She strenuously refused, and as she seemed strangely nervous, he called the station-master to whom he explained his suspicions, and ultimately, despite her protestations, the box was opened. And what did we find? That it was full of parcels bearing the ticket we attached to them when left, amongst the number being one we were in search of.

She was, it seems, a notorious swindler. The box when left at the station contained her son, a poor little fellow, who, after the office had closed for the night, released himself from his unenviable position, collected what seemed to be the most valuable articles, and substituted them for himself. The office had, without opening on to a small court, called the station-master to whom he made off at the first favourable opportunity, the calling on the following morning for the spoils. It appears it was the first trial of this particular trick, but it was unsuccessful, and she received twelve months' imprisonment, the little boy, who was a weakly child, and under the thorough control of his mother, being sent to a school and taken care of.

The second incident followed very closely on the first. I was offered a clerkship at a booking office at one of the London termini, and though I was sorry to leave S. E.—and old Norton, I decided to accept the post. I left the place on the day following that on which an event had happened which threw the town into consternation. A well-to-do man named Saunders, who resided in a private house not far from the station, was at supper with his wife and family when a knock was heard at the door. The servant answered it and returned, saying that a gentleman wanted to speak to him. He went to the door, and after the lapse of a few minutes returned, looking pale and unwell. Immediately afterwards another knock was heard, and the servant on answering it, informed her master that the same gentleman had been seen before wished to speak to him again. He left the room, looking agitated, and that was the last time his wife saw him alive. Not returning, she became alarmed, and on going to the door found it shut and the stranger gone. Failing to see her husband she searched the house, and found him suspended from a gas bracket in a small room, quite dead. There were no signs of any disturbance, and no evidence to show who the stranger was. On a thorough examination, however, being made, the corner of a piece of faint blue paper was found in the hall close to the door.

The Saunders's being well known and respected people, the matter naturally attracted considerable attention; it was evidently either murder or suicide. I caught the three o'clock train from S. E.—to London, and tumbled into a second-class carriage, the only occupant being a middle-aged man with sandy whiskers. He was sitting in the near side corner of the carriage, with his hands in his pockets, and seemed asleep, and I took a seat opposite to him. By his side lay a small hand bag. We both dozed, and when he awoke himself and yawned, and taking the bag on his knee, opened it. I was lying back in the corner with my eyes half closed, and he evidently thought I was asleep. He put his hand in the bag and took out some papers, and, as he did so, two or three fell on to the floor of the carriage. Having the bag on his knees he could not very well reach them, and I stooped and picked them up. In doing so, I noticed that one of the papers, a blue one, had a piece out of the corner. I paused when I saw this, and looked keenly at him for a second. He met the gaze with a fiendish look, and then made a snatch at them, but seeing his object I drew them back and said, "The piece of paper you found in Saunders's house at S. E.—would almost fit this," pointing to the corner, and they're both the same colour, too."

He pleaded ignorance of the whole affair, and asked by what right I detained papers which did not belong to me. We had by this time reached Ladbroke Station, and here he got out, and, without again asking for the papers, attempted to bolt, but I stopped him, and explained the whole matter to the station-master, with whom I was acquainted, who called in the aid of the police, and they detained the individual for the night.

I must admit now that it was a bold thing to take upon myself to treat a passenger like a criminal or suspicious person on the only evidence that he possessed, a piece of blue paper with the corner torn off, and many people would have resented the liberty, but I could see that he was a coward and frightened, which encouraged me to pursue the manner I did towards him.

On the following morning he was brought before the local magistrates on suspicion with being connected, directly or indirectly, with the death of Mr. Saunders, the papers (the purport of which will be presently given) tending to this, and also by the fact that a person answering his description was seen in the neighbourhood of Saunders's house on the evening of his death, and he was remanded to S. E.—until the coroner's inquest had been held. This took place in due course, and the man, whose name appeared to be Johnson, was again brought up. But between the two remands he had made a statement in which he confessed that he had seen Saunders on the evening in question, and revealed the relation he had had with him.

In early life they were friends. In his youth Saunders, in a mad moment, contracted a secret marriage with a young girl who lived

in the same neighbourhood as himself, somewhere in Kent. The only people who knew of the affair were the girl, the registrar, Johnson, and Saunders, the latter living at home as a bachelor. Some months later his people moved a little distance off, and shortly after his wife was found in the River Ravensbourne, dead, and a few miles off an upturned boat. She was it appears fond of rowing, and on the previous evening had hired the boat, which, it is supposed, in a squall capsized. She lived with her uncle and aunt, and they buried her in the usual way, ignorant of her marriage. Saunders did not see her, and, if the truth be told, was glad to be free of her.

Years passed, his parents died, and he married again and lived happily. He had worked hard, and mainly through his exertions had amassed a respectable sum, on which he retired. As is usual in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, Saunders and Johnson became separated, although, I suppose, like so many others, they, when they were fast friends, spoke of keeping the attachment up all their lives. While Saunders was making a fortune, Johnson was faring very badly. He had tried his hand at several things, but was always unfortunate. His character was never particularly clean, and one day the thought of turning the secret of his once friend into a source of profit to himself, he wrote a paper, purporting to be signed by the girl, saying that the body they had picked up was that of a stranger who had been drowned, and that now, after diligent search, she had found him, and demanded, per Johnson, the sum of £200. Otherwise she would reveal her identity to his wife. He also prepared a short agreement on blue paper, which Saunders was to sign, consenting to pay her so much a week towards her maintenance; and after sixteen years he appeared at his house. On seeing Johnson, Saunders treated him coolly, but when he read the letter he turned deadly pale. Johnson produced and read the draft agreement, and when he had finished, Saunders, who was greatly agitated, made a snatch at it, but only succeeded in getting the corner, which was afterwards found in the passage. Saunders refused to have anything to do with it, and returned to his supper.

Johnson, enraged at the failure of his scheme, paused an instant, and then returned to the house, thinking he might be able to persuade Saunders to reconsider his decision. Saunders, greatly agitated, still refused to have anything to do with him, although it was supposed he was uncertain whether or not the girl was living; but the thought of his past life being laid up and revealed to the world, and also the wife's feelings on knowing that she was not legally a wife, preyed upon his mind, and, without considering the consequences, he hanged himself. He had only recently been speculating heavily and unsuccessfully, and it is thought that this, combined with the humiliation and shame should it be true that his wife was alive, prompted him to do the rash act.

Johnson did not hear of the suicide that evening, and passed the night in the town; but it came to his ears the next day, and thinking that he might be recognized as the last person who had spoken to Saunders, he hurried off to Hereford, and after stupefying himself with bitter ale, happened to get into the same train there as I did at S. E.—, with the known result.

It was certainly a case of attempting to procure money by false pretences against Johnson, but Mrs. Saunders did not press the charge, and as the coroner's verdict did not implicate him and he had spent a fortnight in prison, he was released. But he could not stop to see the beauties of the place, if such was his intention, for his dirty trick had raised the ire of the people, and the treatment he received at his own hands he would probably never forget. He had been the cause of the death of a good and liberal man to the townspeople, despite his former follies, and they showed Johnson that, although he had escaped the law, he had not escaped them, without being acquainted with their character.

## AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

## Murder by a Journalist.

A terrible tragedy is reported from Rome, a journalist engaged on the *Messaggero* having shot his wife and a false friend in an access of jealous fury. The murdered woman was 21 years of age and had two children. Her husband's name was Signor Arnoldo Bertini, and the friend of Signor Mario Fantozzi. Bertini's jealousy was not too well founded, although for some time he tried to put the idea from him, inasmuch as Signor Fantozzi was his fellow-worker and most intimate friend, and the misguided wife was the mother of two little boys, the eldest only 3 years of age. But at last he found letters which left no doubt upon his mind. Leaving the house a few days ago, he returned, intending to keep a watch on what went on. He saw his wife hang a white handkerchief to the Venetian blind, evidently as a signal to some one. Maddened by this conviction, he at once rushed back, and the confusion displayed by his wife at seeing him, and her hasty endeavour to remove the signal, confirmed his suspicions. Before many words had been exchanged, the bell rang softly, and the husband, going himself to open the door, confronted his false friend and the betrayer of his wife. A terrible scene ensued. The seducer, base and cowardly even in his supreme moment, tried to barricade himself behind the furniture from the shots fired at him from a revolver by the injured husband, while the young wife rushed to meet them, and, in trying to disarm her husband, received her death wound. Bertini, not knowing that he had killed his wife, but believing that he had accomplished summary justice on his false friend, rushed away to try and provide for the care of his children before he gave himself up to justice. Fantozzi, staggering into the street, was taken to a hospital, where he remains in a critical state.

## A GIRL'S SUICIDE.

Dr. G. Danford Thomas, the coroner for the Central Division of London, held an inquest this week at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court on the body of Edith Dowling, aged 15, a domestic, lately in service at 54, Albert-street, Regent's Park, who committed suicide by hanging. Robert Dowling, a scale-maker, of Waterloo-street, Maidstone, Kent, identified the body as that of his eldest daughter. She came to London to see above situation in April last. Since she had left home her mother and baby sister had been burnt to death. She was usually a cheerful girl. Recently her letters had not been "bright." She complained in them that her mistress had been unkind and ungrateful. In a letter to her sister was the following sentence:—"She is a hard mistress to put up with, and what with the lodgers, and one thing and another, it nearly turns my brain." The witness wrote to her to give a month's notice. On the 17th inst. he was informed by telegram that she had hanged herself. 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under her arm, who had suddenly entered the apartment.

"Please, sir," said this apparition, with a bob, "I'm Sarah Jane."

"Are you, indeed," said the doctor, with mild tones.

"And what do you want here, Sarah Jane?"

"Please, sir, my mother, Mrs. McTavish, asked me if I would give this letter to her. With these words the little mite delivered her message, and having given another bob, departed upon her way."

"Why," the doctor cried in astonishment, "it's directed to me and in Tom's writing. What can be the meaning of this?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" Mrs. Dimesdale cried, with the quick perception of womanhood, "it means that he has failed."

"Impossible!" said the doctor, fumbling with nervous fingers at the envelope. "By Jove! though," he continued, as he glanced over the contents, "you're right. He has. Poor lad, he's more out of his mind than we can be, so we must not let him know."

The good physician read the letter over several times before he finally put it away in his note-book, and he did so with a thoughtful face which showed that it was of importance. As it has an influence upon the future course of our story we cannot do the chapter better than by exercising our literary privilege, and peeping over the doctor's shoulder before he has folded it up. This is the epistle in extenso:—

"My dear Father,—You will be sorry to hear that I have failed in my exam. I am very sorry about it, because I fear that it will cause you grief and disappointment, and you deserve neither the one nor the other at my hands."

"It is not an unmitigated misfortune to me, because it helps me to make a request which I have long had in my mind. I wish you to allow me to give up the study of medicine and to go in for commerce. You have never made a secret of our money affairs to me, and I know that if I took my degree there would never be any necessity for me to practice. I should, therefore, have spent five years of my life in acquiring knowledge which would not be of any immediate use to me. I have no personal inclination towards medicine while in the world upon money which other men have earned. I must, therefore, turn to some fresh pursuit for my future career, and surely it would be best that I should do so at once. What that fresh pursuit is to be I leave to your judgment. Personally, I think that if I embarked my capital in some commercial undertaking I might, by sticking to my work, do well. I feel too much cast down at my own failure to see you to-night, but to-morrow I hope to hear what you think from your own lips.—Tom."

"Perhaps this failure will do no harm after all," the doctor muttered thoughtfully, as he folded up the letter and gazed out at the cold glare of the Northern sunset.

As he moved the examiner of the row of the student announced upon a compress his glared hope appeared to him a sheet of ice

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leaned against one of the pillars of the portico and listened gloomily to the major's family reminiscences, giving an occasional yawn which he made no attempt to conceal.

"It's as plain as the fingers of my hand," the old soldier said in a wheezy muffled brogue, as if he were speaking from under a feather bed. "See here now, Girdlestone—this is Miss Letitia Snickles of Snickleton, a cousin of old Sir Joseph. The major tapped his thumb with the silver head of his walking-stick to represent the maiden Snickles. "She marries Crawford, of the Blues—one of the Warwickshire Crawfords; that him"—here he elevated his stubby forefinger—"and here's their three children, Jimma, Harold, and John." Up went three other fingers. "Jimma Crawford grows up, and then Charley Clutterbuck runs away with her. This other thumb of mine will stand for that young devil Charley, and then my fingers—"

"Oh, hang your fingers," Girdlestone exclaimed with emphasis. "It's very interesting, major, but it would be more intelligible if you were to put it out."

"And so I shall, me boy!" the major cried enthusiastically, by no means abashed at the sudden interruption. "I'll draw it up on a bit of foolscap paper. Let's see; Fenchurch-street, eh? Address to the offices, of course. Thought for that matter, Girdlestone, London, would find you. I was spakin' of ye to Sir Musgrave Moore, of the Rifles, the other day, and he knew you at once."

"Girdlestone?" says he. "The same," says I. "A merchant prince?" says he. "The same," says I. "I'd be proud to meet him," says he. "And you shall," says I. He's the best blood of county Waterford."

"More blood than money, I suppose," the young man said, smoothing out his crisp black moustache.

"Bedad, you've about hit it there. He went to California, and came back with five-and-twenty thousand pounds. I met him in Liverpool the day he arrived. 'This is no good to me, Toby,' says he. 'Why not?' I asks. 'Not enough,' says he; 'just enough to unsettle me.' 'What then?' says I. 'Put it on the favourite for the St. Jeger,' says he. And he did too, every penny of it. He dropped the lot in one day. A fact, sir, 'pon me honour! Came to me the next day. 'Nothing left!' says he. 'Nothing,' says I. 'Only one thing,' says he. 'Suicide!' says I. 'Marriage,' says he. Within a month he was married to the second Miss Shattleworth, who had five thousand in her own right, and five more when Lord Dunneson turns up his toes."

"Indeed?" said his companion languidly.

"Fact, 'pon my honour! By the way—ah, here comes Lord Henry Richardson. How d'ye do, Richardson, how d'ye do? Gad, I remember the point when you were a head-bowed boy at Clongowes, and I used to lam him with a boot-jack for his cheek. Ah, yes; I was going to say—it seems a damned awkward incident—ha! ha!—ridiculous, but annoying, you know. The fact is, me boy, coming away in a hurry from me little place I left me purse on the drawers in the bedroom, and here's Jorrocks up in the billiard-room after challenging me to play for a tenner—but I won't without having the money in me pocket. Tobias Clutterbuck may be poor, me dear friend, but—and here he puffed out his chest and tapped on it with his round, spongy finger—"he's got it, and pays debts like a man on the nail. No, sir, there's the fact, and I can say a word against Tobias, except that he's a half-pay old fool, with more heart than brains. However," he added, suddenly dropping the sentimental and coming back to the practical, "if you, me dear boy, can oblige me with the money until to-morrow morning, I'll play Jorrocks with pleasure. There's not many men that I'd ask such a favour of, and even from you I'd never accept anything more than a mere temporary convenience."

"You may stake your life on that," said Girdlestone with a sneer, looking sallyingly down and tracing figures with the end of his stick on the young man's coat as he spoke. "You'll make it a rule never to lend any one money, either for short or long periods."

"And you won't let me have this throbbing accommodation?"

"No," the young man said decisively.

For a moment the major's brick-coloured, weather-beaten face assumed an even darker tint, and his small, dark eyes looked out angrily from under his shaggy brows at his youthful companion. He managed to suppress the threatened explosion, however, and burst into a loud roar of laughter. "Don't you see," he said, poking the young man in the chest with his stick, an impatient which he had grasped a moment before as though he meditated putting it to a less pacific use, "you young devils of business men are too much for poor old Tobias. Gad, sir, to think of being stuck in the mud for the want of a paltry tenner! Tommy Heathcote will laugh when he hears of it. You know Tommy, of the 8th?"

"He gave me good advice: 'Always save a fifty-pound note into the lining of each waistcoat you've got. Then you can't go short.' Tried it once, and, by George! if my damned man-servant didn't state that very same waistcoat and sell it for six and sixpence. You're not going, are you?"

"Yes, I'm due in the City. The governor leaves at four. Good-bye; shall I see you to-night?"

"Card-room, as per usual," quoth the clean-shaven warrior. He looked after the retreating figure of his late companion with anything but a pleasant expression upon his face. The young man happened to glance round as he was half way down the street, on which the major smiled after him paternally, and gave a merry flourish with his stick.

As the old soldier stood on the top of the club steps, pompous, pigeon-chested, and respectable, he himself as though he had been placed there for the inspection of passers-by as a sample of the aristocracy within, he made several attempts to air his grievances to passing members touching the question of the expectant Jorrocks and the missing purse. Beyond, however, eliciting many sallies of wit from the younger spirits, for it was part of the major's policy to lay himself open to be a butt, his laudable perseverance was entirely thrown away. At last he gave it up in disgust, and raising his hat, he hailed a passing bus into which he sprang, and a searching glance round to see that no one was following him. After a drive which brought him to the other side of the City, he got out in a broad, busy thoroughfare, lined with large shops. A narrow turning from the main artery led into a long dingy street, consisting of very high smoke-coloured houses, which ran parallel to the other, and presented as great a contrast to it as the back of a painting does to the front. Down this sombre avenue the major strutted with all his wonted pomposity, until about half way down he reached a tall, grim-looking house, with many notices of "apartments," glaring from the windows. The line of railings which separated this house from the street was rusty and broken, and the whole place had a favour of mildew. The major walked briskly up the stone steps, followed out by the feet of generations of lodgers, and pushing open the great spotted door, which bore upon it a brass plate indicating that the establishment was kept by a Mrs. Robins, he walked into the hall with the air of one who treads familiar ground. Up one flight of stairs, up two flights of stairs, and on the fourth landing he pushed open a door and found himself in a small room, which formed for the nonce the "little place" about which he was wont at the club to make depreciatory allusions, so skillfully introduced that the listener was left in doubt as to whether the major was the happy possessor of a country house and grounds, or whether he merely owned a large suburban villa. Even this modest sanctum was not entirely the major's own, as was shown by the presence of a ruddy-faced man with a long white beard, who sat on one side of the empty armchair, puffing at a great china-bowled pipe, and comforting himself with an ease which showed that he was no casual visitor. As the other entered, the man in the chair gave vent to a guttural grunt without removing the mouthpiece

of his pipe from between his lips, and Major Clutterbuck returned the greeting with an off-handed nod. His next proceeding was to take off his glossy hat, and pack it away in a hat-box. He then removed his coat, his collar, his tie, and his gaiters with equal solicitude, and put them in a place of safety. After which he donned a long purple dressing-gown and a smoking-cap, in which garb he performed the first steps of a macabre as a sign of the additional ease which he experienced.

"Not much to dance about either, me boy," the old soldier said, seating himself in a camp chair and putting his feet upon another one. "Bedad, we're all on the verge. Unless luck takes a turn you, no saying what may become of us."

"We have been badder than this before now many a time," said the yellow-bearded man, in an accent which proclaimed him to be a German. "My money will come, or you will win, or something will arrive to set all things right."

"Let's hope so," the major said fervently. "It's a mercy to get out of these stiff and starched clothes, but I have to be careful of them, for me tailor—bad case to him!—will give me no credit, and there's little of the ready knocking about. Without good clothes on me back I'd be like a sweeper without a broom."

The German nodded his intense appreciation of the fact, and puffed a great blue cloud to the ceiling. Sigismund Von Baumer was a political refugee from the Fatherland who had managed to become foreign clerk in a small London firm, an occupation which just enabled him to keep body and soul together. He and the major had lodged in different rooms in another establishment until some common levain of Bohemianism had brought them together. When circumstances had driven them out of their former abode it had occurred to the major that by sharing his rooms with Von Baumer he would diminish his own expenses, and at the same time secure an agreeable companion, for the veteran was a sociable soul in his unofficial hours and had all the Hibernian dislike to solitude. The arrangement commended itself to the German, for he had a profound admiration for the other's graces and varied exploits, and the thing was done. When the major's luck was good there were brave times in the little fourth floor back. On the other hand, if any slice of good fortune came in the German's way, the major had a fair share of the prosperity. During the hard times which intervened between these gleams of opulence, the pair roughed it uncomplainingly as best they might. The major would sometimes create a fictitious splendour by dilating upon the beauties of Castle Dunmore, in the County Mayo, which the head-quarters of all the Clutterbucks were, and would say, "We'll go some day, me boy," he would say, slapping his comrade on the back. "It will be mine from the dungeons forty foot below the ground, right up, bedad, to the flagstaff from which the imblem of loyalty flaunts the breeze." At these speeches the simple-minded German used to rub his great red hands together with satisfaction, and feel as pleased as though he had actually been presented with the fee simple of the castle in question.

"Have you had your letter?" the major asked with interest, rolling a cigarette between his fingers. The German was expecting his quarterly remittance from his friends at home, and they were both anxiously awaiting it.

Von Baumer shook his head.

"Bad luck to them! they should have sent a wake ago. You should do what Jimmy Towler did. You didn't know Towler, of the Sappers? When he and I were soldiering in Canada he was vexed at the allowance which he had from old Sir Oliver, his uncle, not turning up at the right time. 'Gad, Toby,' he says to me, 'I'll warm the oldascal up. So he sits down and writes a letter to his uncle, in which he told him his unbusinesslike way would be the ruin of him, and more to the same effect. When Sir Oliver got the letter he was in such a devil's own rage that while he was dictating a acedil to his will he tumbled off the chair in a fit, and Jimmy came in for a clean seven thousand a year."

"Dat was more dan he deserved," the German remarked. "But you—how do you stand for money?"

Major Clutterbuck took ten sovereigns out of his trousers pocket and placed them upon the table.

"You know me law," he said, "I never on any consideration lend you a shilling. You can't test down for high stakes with less in your purse, and if I was to change one, be George! they'd all go like a whiff o' smoke. The Lord knows when I'd get a start again then. Bar this money I've hardly a penny."

"Nor me," said Von Baumer despondently, slapping his pockets.

"Never mind, me boy! What's in the common purse, I wonder?" He looked up at a little leather bag which hung from a brass nail on the wall. In flush times they were wont to deposit small sums in this, on which they might fall back in their hours of need.

"Not much, I fear," the other said, shaking his head.

"Well, now, we want something to pull us together on a dull day like this. Suppose we send out for a bottle of sparkling, eh?"

"Not enough money," the other objected.

"Well, well, let's have something cheaper. Beane, now; B-a-u-n-e's a good comforting sort of drink. What d'ye say to splitting a bottle of Beane, and paying for it from the common purse?"

"Not enough money," the other persisted dogmatically, claret be it."

"Maybe it's better in this sort of weather. Let us send Susan out for a bottle of claret."

The German took down the little leather bag and turned it upside down. A threepenny-piece and a penny rolled out. "Dat's all," he said. "Not enough for claret."

"But there's beer," cried the major radiantly. "Bedad, it's just the time for a quart of fourpenny. I remember ould Gilder, when he was our chief in India, used to say that a man who got beyond enjoying beer and a pipe at a pinch was either an ass or a coxcomb. He smoked a clay at the mess table himself. Draper, who commanded the division, told him it was unsoldierlike. 'Unsolderlike be damned,' he said. Gad, they nearly court-martialed the ould man for it. He got the Y.C. at the Quarries, and was killed at the Bedan."

A slatternly slipshod girl answered the bell, and having received her orders and the united available funds of the two comrades, speedily returned with a brace of frothing pint pots. The major ruminated silently over his cigarette for some time, on some unpleasant subject apparently, for his face was stern and his brows knitted. At last he broke out with an oath:

"Be George! Baumer, I can't stand that young fellow Girdlestone. I'll have to chuck him up. He's such a cold-blooded, flinty-hearted, calculating sort of a chap, that—the remainder of the major's sentence was lost in the beer flog."

"What for did you make him your friend then?"

"Well," the old soldier confessed, "it seemed to me that if he wanted to fool his money away at cards or any other devilment, Tobias Clutterbuck might as well have the handling of it as any one else. Bedad, he's as cunning as a basketful of monkeys. He'll make a safe game for low stakes, and never throws away a chance. Demmed if I don't think I've been a loser in pocket by knowing him, while as to me character, I'm very sure I'm the worse there."

"Dat's de matter mit him?"

"What's the matter with him. If he's aragable he's not natural, and if he's natural he's not aragable. I don't pretend to be a saint. I've seen some fun in me day, and hope to see some more before I die, but there are some things that I wouldn't do. If I live I'll play anything but games o' skill, and I reckon on me skill bringing me out on the right side, taking one night with another through the year. Again, at billiards I may not always play me best, but that's generalship. You don't want a whole room to know to a point what your game is. I'm the last man to preach, but bedad, I don't like that

chap, and I don't like that handsome brass face of his. I've spent the greater part of my life reading folks' faces, and never very far out either."

Von Baumer made no remark, and the two continued to smoke silently, with an occasional puff at their cigars.

"Besides, it's no good to me socially," the major continued. "The fellow can't keep quiet, else he might pass in a crowd, but that damned commercial instinct will show itself. If he went to heaven he'd start an agency for harps and crowns. Did I tell ye what the Hon. Jack Gibbs said to me at the club. Gad, he let me have it straight! 'Back,' he said, 'I don't mind you. You're one of the right sort when all's said and done, but if you ever introduce such a chap as that to me again, I'll cut you as well as him for the future.' I'd introduced them to put the young spalpeen in a good humour, for, being short, as ye know, I thought it might be necessary to negotiate a loan from him."

"Dat did you say his name was?" Von Baumer asked suddenly.

"Girdlestone."

"Is his father a kauffmann?"

"What the devil is a kauffmann?" the major asked impatiently. "Is it a merchant you mean?"

"Ah, a merchant. One who trades with the Afrikaner."

"The same."

Von Baumer took a bulky pocket book from his inside pocket, and scanned a long list of names therein. "Ah, it is the same," he cried at last triumphantly, shutting up the book and replacing it. "Girdlestone and Co., African kauf-dat is, merchants—Fenchurch-street, City."

"Those are they."

"And you say they are rich?"

"Yes."

"Very rich?"

"Yes." The major began to think that his companion had been imbibing in his absence, for there was an unfathomable smile upon his face, and his red beard and towed hair seemed to bristle from some internal excitement.

"Very rich! Ho, ho! Very rich!" he laughed. "I know dem, not as friends, Gott beware! but I know dem and their affairs."

"What are you driving at? Let's have it. Out with it, man."

"I tell you," said the German, suddenly becoming supernaturally solemn and saving his hand up and down in the air to emphasise his remarks, "in two or four months, or a year at the most, there will be no firm of Girdlestone. They are rotten, useless who!" He blew an imaginary feather up into the air to demonstrate the extreme fragility of the house in question.

"You're raving, Baumer," said Major Clutterbuck excitedly. "Why, man, their names are as reliable as a watch. They are looked upon as the soundest concern in the City."

"Dat may be; dat may be," the German answered stolidly. "What I know I know, and what I say I say."

"And how d'ye know it? D'ye tell me that you know more about it than the men on 'Change and the signs that do business with them?"

"I know what I know, and I say what I say," the other repeated. "Dat tobacco-man Burer is a rogue. He's a five-and-thirty in the hundred of water in this canister tobacco, and one must be for ever re-lighting."

"And you won't tell me where you heard this of the Girdlestones?"

"It would be no good to you. It is enough that I say it is certain. Let it suffice that dere are people at are bound to tell other people all dat dey know about anything whatever."

"You don't make it very clear now," the old soldier grumbled. "You mean that these secret societies and Socialists let each other know all that comes in their way, and have their own means of getting information."

"Dat may be, and dat may not be," the German answered in the same oracular voice. "I thought in any case, my good friend Clutterbuck, dat I would give you what you call in English the straight talk. It is always vell to have the straight talk."

"Thank ye, me boy," the major said heartily. "If the firm's in a bad way either the youngsters don't know of it, or else he's the most natural actor that ever lived. Be George! there's the taylor-bell; let's get down before the bread and butter is all finished."

Mrs. Robins was in the habit of furnishing her lodgers with an evening meal at a small sum per head. There was only a certain amount of bread and butter supplied for this, however, and those who came late were likely to find an empty platter. The two Bohemians felt that the subject was too grave a one to trifle with, so they suspended their judgment upon the Girdlestones while they clattered down to the dining-room.

(To be continued.)

## DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

An Exciting Chase.

Richard Shannon, a rough-looking labourer, of Roughton-street, Horton, and Edward Davis, a ship's steward, of William-street, Barnsbury, were charged, before Mr. Haden Corner, at the District Police Court, with being concerned together in stealing a gold watch, valued £10, from the person of Mr. Samuel T. Parsons, licensed victualler, the Wolf Inn, Norwood Green, Southall. —Prosecutor deposed that on the previous afternoon he was walking down Holloway-road, when he was hustled by a number of men, and his watch snatched from his pocket and the chain broken. Witness followed up a turning leading to Highbury Fields, and distinctly saw Davis pass the watch to Shannon. Witness accused the latter of having his watch, when he raised his hat menacingly, and the two prisoners ran off. Witness followed until he became exhausted, and subsequently heard the prisoners were in custody. —Messrs. William and James Impey, boot manufacturers, of Hornsey-road, deposed to seeing the prosecutor surrounded by a number of men, and when prosecutor pointed prisoner out as having his watch, they ran off. Witnesses chased them through several roads, and suddenly Shannon stopped, turned round, and kicked Mr. William Impey severely on the leg and thigh, following this by throwing a heavy pint and half a brick at his head, but fortunately missing them. Mr. James Impey struggled with Shannon, but the latter got off half a mile, the prisoners separating and running different ways. —Police-constable Caron, 436 N, said he heard cries of "Stop thief," and saw prisoners running. Witness followed in a provision dealer's van, and when within thirty yards of Shannon called to a gentleman to stop him, but Shannon threatened the gentleman with half a brick which he held in his hand, and the gentleman fell back and allowed the prisoner to proceed. Witness followed and saw Shannon when he still had the brick in his hand. Shannon declared he would not go to the police station, and clung to some railings opposite The Grange, Highbury New Park. At this spot the missing watch was found some time afterwards. —Police-constable David Miller said a gentleman in a brougham fetched him to arrest Davis, who was found concealed beneath some bushes at No. 3, Highbury New Park. —Both prisoners protested their innocence, notwithstanding the evidence of the prosecutor, and the positive statement of Mr. James Impey, that he saw the one of the chain in Shannon's hand.—Davis urged that he was drunk, and went into the garden to lie down, but the constable denied this, saying that the man was exhausted from running.—Police inspector Miller asked for a remand. Prisoners had been identified in one similar charge, and it was thought that others that had occurred might be traced to them.—They were committed on this charge, but ordered to be brought up again on other charges if necessary.

## A SCOTCH GHOST STORY.

A contemporary in the north is reviewing some Scotch ghost stories. The scene of one of these is laid in a country house in Fife. Here, on her way downstairs to dinner, a visitor stooped to pick up something from the floor. When she looked up again it was to see a lady, richly dressed and very handsome, emerge from a short flight which opened upon the chief landing, and hurry down the great staircase. She passed the visitor with a bow, and the figure passed her like a shadow. She remarked the evil smile upon its lovely lip. Neither at table nor in the drawing-room did this stranger re-appear; and as this was so the seer told what she had seen to her hostess, who put the subject by, and did not return to it till one day when she and the other were going over the house. Among other rooms they looked into that one forth from which the lady had come. The walls were lined with family portraits, but one place was vacant, and the picture that should have filled it stood face to face with the visitor. Said the mistress of the house, "It is the portrait of one who brought disgrace upon the family. This used to be her room." Then she turned the picture, and behold! it was the very face and form her guest had seen upon the stair.

## GARDINER & COMPANY.

THE SCOTCH HOUSE.

CLOTHING AND

COMPLETE

OUTFITTING

STORES.

COMPLETE DELIVERIES OF

OVERCOATS AND

NEW WINTER GOODS.

LARGEST STOCKS IN LONDON.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

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OUR OMNIBUS.  
THE M.P.

Poor Mr. Gladstone! What must his feelings be when he sees Home Rule treated with disrespect, by those who pretend to hold him in reverence? It is just as if a fond mother were to hear the sweet babe in her arms abused by all her relatives as an inconvenient little humbug. But what does Nurse Parnell say, I wonder? She, too, must be sorely put out by having her charge thrust aside in favour of such ugly monstrosities as adult suffrage, disestablishment, and payment of members. Really, it would be a merciful thing to suffocate the unfortunate infant without further fuss.

The working man will be a prodigious donkey if he puts trust in the promises and pledges of which Radical schemers are so prolific. It costs them nothing to pose as his friend and champion, but if they once scrambled into power by his help, he would soon see them much more intent on their own interests than on his. The present Government has done more for the working classes than any previous Government during the century in the same short period. That is a fact beyond all gainsaying, and it cannot receive too frequent repetition.

Liberal Unionists are, I am glad to learn, making energetic efforts to improve their electoral position. Better late than never. They unfortunately allowed two years to pass unutilized, in the hope that Mr. Gladstone, by dropping Home Rule, would admit of their returning to his standard. That dream is now abandoned for good and all, and it is gratifying to hear that Lord Hartington gains fresh adherents every day. He is now the leader of the real Liberal party; Mr. Gladstone has become merely a Parnellite, while Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley humbly follow at the heels of the Radical Socialist leader.

It would be a profound mistake to assume that Mr. John Burns will be returned for Battersea at the next general election. The better class of Gladstonites do not relish his candidature at all, while it goes without the saying that the whole Conservative vote will be thrown against him. Nor has he improved his position among the working classes by running for a seat in the House of Commons. That snatches of personal ambition, and seems like following in the footsteps of the many demagogues who have hurried to ruin by the masses for self-aggrandizement purposes. Whether Mr. Burns will be returned or not, it is a question of the future. Whether he would long remain so after he got a seat is a far more doubtful question.

So the Fulham Separatists have at last put out on the tail of the bird they have been so long in search of. As neither Sir Charles Dilke nor Mr. George Russell would consent to become their Parliamentary candidate, they fell back on Mr. Arthur Arnold for want of a better, and he has graciously consented. An able man in some respects, Mr. Arnold is distinctly "gritty"; there is a sense of self-importance about him which irritates even his best friends. Self-opinionated, dictatorial, and "cocksure," Mr. Arnold compares very unfavourably with Mr. Hayes Fisher, the present member for Fulham, who is as courteous and conciliatory as his opponent is rude and overbearing.

When one remembers that Lord Rosebery is the possessor of several millions, it is difficult to believe that he can be sincere when enunciating Jack Cade sentiments. If he were, he would proceed to share his enormous wealth with the indigent instead of forgoing it for his own pleasure. And the same suspicion clings to Mr. Labouchere and other rich politicians who are coquetting with Socialism. My memory cannot recall a single philanthropic endeavour in which Mr. Labouchere took a leading part as subscriber. His charity appears to both begin and end at home, and yet he poses as the "friend of the people."

The cleverest man among the Socialists is, unquestionably, Mr. Champion. Playing a deep game, he allows Messrs. Burns and Tillett to act the part of figure-heads for the time being. But it is his intelligent mind that traces and directs the plan of campaign, and his nimble fingers that manipulate the wires. Of the same cool, calculating species as Mr. Parnell, and, like him, adverse to taking part in vulgar demonstrations, Mr. Champion is satisfied with the possession of power, without its outward show. But were Socialism to ever become a real political force in this country, he would pretty quickly let Mr. Burns and the rest feel the hand of a master. In the long ago, when Mr. Bradlaugh was a nobody, I predicted in print, from what I saw of him, that he would become a somebody, and I now venture a similar prophecy, that the world will hear a good deal of Mr. Champion in the course of a year or two.

A friend at Birmingham writes me that the dispute between the hot Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists is rapidly cooling under the influence of more temperate counsels. The leaders on both sides recognise the expediency of compromise, by some give-and-take arrangement. To continue the quarrel would be to play into the hands of the Separatists, who would give all they are worth to Birmingham from the Liberal Unionist grip. That the Midland capital should be against them is a reproach that they cannot do away with, try as they may.

## OLD IZAAK.

A fine trout, weighing 6lb. 5oz., having worked its way into the grating of the old works at Weybridge on Sunday last, was captured by the engineer, who took the fish to the manager. That gentleman, after carefully weighing it, returned the fish, which was full of spawn, to the river. The angling reports to hand this week are of very meagre nature; this is caused more by the absence of anglers than scarcity of fish. At Laleham, Alfred Harris has been getting a few nice jack. At Staines, J. Keene, jun., out with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gater, in one day twenty-three chub and two dozen roach; two days with Mr. Ramsden, five, fourteen chub and six dozen roach—many of the roach were from 1lb. to 1½lb. At Shepperton, George Rosewell, in one day, a take of twenty-two bream. At Hampton, W. Millbourne has been getting his patrons good sport amongst the roach, several of the fish weighing 1½lb. each.

The waters of all the rivers near London frequented by metropolitan club anglers are in good order, and most kinds of coarse fish are now in the best possible condition. One or two good sharp frosts are required to rot the weeds and put jack well on the feed. The members of the Good Intent Angling Society will fish their annual match for Christmas prizes on December 1st, from Burnt Mill to Harlow-on-the-Stort. One of the members of the Clapton Anglers, fishing at the Ferry Boat, Tottenham, captured a nice jack of 5lb. At Chichester, several good jack have been had recently by anglers fishing in the canal. The few waters of Lincolnshire are reported as being in a better state for sport now than at any other time this season, especially the larger drains connected with the Welland.

The novel competition extending over a fortnight, which terminates on Sunday, the 24th, for the two prizes generously given by Mr. Holledge, of the Two Sawyers, Twickenham, having attracted considerable attention and proved a great success, Mr. Holledge has decided to hold another for three prizes, value first, £10 10s.; second, £3 3s.; third, £1 1s. 6d., under the following conditions:—1. The competition to take place between Glover's Island and Redding Lock; the first and second prizes to be for the two best gross weights of roach and dace, and the third prize for the best roach, caught on any one day from December 1st to December 23rd, both days inclusive. 2. An entrance fee of 1s. will be charged, and the name of each intending competitor must be sent to Mr. Holledge two clear days previous to the angling

taking part in the competition. 3. Points and fishermen to be divided into two classes, the Two Sawyers, Twickenham, &c. No competitor to use more than one rod. 4. All drains barred. 5. It is permissible to fish from daylight until dusk. 6. All fish to be weighed in at the Two Sawyers, and to be of the Thames Angling Preservation Society's standard. 8. Any competitor dissatisfied with the result of his day's fishing, and desirous of having another try, may do so by giving notice to Mr. Holledge at the time his take is weighed in, and upon payment of an extra entrance fee of 1s. In such case the first take registered will be cancelled and the second only count.

I have received the following letter from Mr. H. Andrews. He says:—"My business called me down east to-day, and having some little time to spare, I thought I would have a walk in the Jews' fish market. I was really quite surprised at all kinds of fresh water fish exposed for sale—carp, tench, roach, perch, and small jack being by the score. I got into conversation with one Jew fisherman, who opened a box which I should think contained 300 small jack, the largest being about 1½lb. I don't mean pounds, I mean inches. That you had been there to have seen them, as no doubt you will scarcely be able to credit my statement. These fine young fish were selling five and six for a shilling. Can any of your readers kindly tell an old angler where they come from?" About a month ago I received a similar complaint respecting the sale of immature fish, and then pointed out the desirability of moving for a new Act of Parliament regulating the fresh water fisheries, and introducing therein the recognised proper standard of sizes of fish allowed to be taken.

I hear good accounts of the progress of the 12,000 young perch in the Sunbury rearing ponds; in my opinion, as the small fish are now quite capable of taking care of themselves, the sooner they are transferred to the main stream the better.—"A Thames Angler" writes me as follows:—"It is well known there cannot be any better protection of a river from netting than that of sinking old boats and punts, well covered over with tinker hooks and large nails. I should like to hear of gentlemen and boatmen presenting any suitable for the purpose to the Thames Preservation Society, as there must be many craft lying about fit for no other purpose." I may say on behalf of the T.A.P.S. Committee, I feel sure they will be too pleased to find room for as many as they can get.

## PIPER PAN.

In reply to my correspondent, "W. J.S." (Bloomfield-road, E.), whose second letter reached me too late for acknowledgment last week, I regret to say that I know of no book which will teach him how to soften the new reeds for his clarinet, but I think he will attain the object in view as follows:—He will take the reed out of its case, lay it on a flat surface, and carefully take down the upper part, from shoulder to point, with the finest glass-paper (No. 6) till soft enough. Dutch rush is used in the same manner, but is in no way better than glass paper.

If a new clarinet reed should appear to be too open at the point, its under surface should be carefully rubbed down on a fine flat file till the reed becomes quite true. I assume that the mouth-piece is in satisfactory order. Wooden mouth-pieces are apt to warp. The best clarinet players use ebony mouth-pieces, which, though they cost more at the outset, are cheaper in the long run. I hope "W. J.S." may profit by these hints.

I notice that the copyright of Crouch's popular song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," fetched the large sum of £409 at a recent auction, from which I infer that he must still be living, and, of course, the copyright will not expire until seven years after his decease; otherwise, no publisher would risk so large a sum as £409 on the purchase of Crouch's best song. He told me, more than thirty years back, that for the copyright of "Kathleen Mavourneen" the publishers paid him 30s. Three years later, when they had cleared over £3,000 from the sale of the song, they gave Crouch a silver tea-service, which, to use his expressive phraseology, "was very soon melted." For his second Irish song, "Dermot Astore," he was better paid, but it could not compete with his "Kathleen," although a pretty song. At the auction above-mentioned the copyright sold for £45 7s. 6d.

At the same auction, Tito Mattei's "Oh tu," better known in its English dress as "Hear the wild winds blow!" fetched the highest price, £611. The purchaser is pretty sure to be retained in a comparative state of space of time, for the profits of music publishers are large when they hold the copyrights of popular songs. The cost per copy seldom exceeds 2½d., and even supposing that on a song published at 4s. only an average of 1s. 2d. per copy reaches the publisher, he clears over £240 on every thousand copies sold after paying for advertisements.

Four new songs were produced at the London Ballad Concert on Wednesday last:—No. 1, "Bantry Bay" (J. L. Molloy); No. 2, "Love and Friendship" (Tommy); No. 3, "Star, Darling, Star" (Marzials); No. 4, "This Work-day World" (Stephen Adams). To my thinking No. 2, capably sung by Mr. Lloyd, is the best of the bunch, and next come No. 3, sung by Mr. Percy. Both these songs deserve to become popular, and No. 4, sung by Madame Belle Cole, is likely to be welcomed by amateurs. Of the well-known songs sung by Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Lehmann, Miss Gomes, Madame Sterling, M.M. Oswald, Plunkett Greene, and the artists above-named, it is needless to speak. Mr. Eaton Fanning's choir sang part music well, and Mr. Sidney Naylor conducted skillfully as ever.

Mr. Richard Temple has declined the part provided for him in the forthcoming Gilbert-Sullivan opera. He tells me that he will probably accept engagements offered by Australian managers. At the present moment he is superintending the stage production of a new opera, entitled "Gretina Green," libretto by T. M. Ford, music by Dr. Storer, which will be performed next Wednesday week (2.30 p.m.) at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. Temple will play a leading part, and the cast will include Miss Leonora Blenheim, Miss Giulia Velti, Mr. Cadwallader, and other popular artists.

Madame Adeline Patti sang splendidly at the Albert Hall last Monday, and executed the difficult bravura passages in Meyerbeer's trio for voice and two flutes, "L'Etoile du Nord," even more brilliantly than the excellent flautists, M.M. Ratcliff and Hamilton, by whom she was accompanied. I fancy that her American admirers will be disagreeably surprised to find her raven-black hair turned to auburn. The change makes her look much older, and is to be deplored. Perhaps we may next find her studying basso profundo parts?

The late Mr. Echalar, a clever but eccentric man, had a powerful basso profundo voice when young, and as he wished to become a barytone, sent him to my teacher, Turner, to whom he paid £5 5s. for a course of twelve lessons. He took only three, because Turner told him that it would take him at least a year to reach G, and laughed in his face when he replied, "If you cannot make me sing higher than that—say to J or K—I won't study singing."

Signor Caravaglia, the well-known teacher of singing, told me that he once had for pupil a haughty nobleman (since dead) who would not submit to dictation, and insisted on making a ludicrous change in the second line of "Non più andrai," in the opening couplet, which runs thus:—

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
(No more shall you go, amorous butterfly,  
No more shall you go, amorous butterfly.)

For "giardino" Lord substituted "giardino" ("garden"). Caravaglia pointed out that this alteration was absurd, but only shrugged his

shoulders and was silenced when his pupil replied, "I, Lord—, prefer 'giardino.'"

## BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

An Egyptian correspondent obliges us with some interesting facts about the semi-wild dogs which are found in so many Oriental towns. They go about, he says, in packs, each pack confining itself to a particular locality. If a neighbouring dog happens to cross the path of another colony, the whole tribe set on it. They are street scavengers, eating the garbage thrown out by the not over-clean Turk or Arab. They are by no means bad guardians, and it would be next to impossible to pass after midnight some of the back streets. On the outskirts of Pera, Constantinople, near the military parade-ground, all the dead horses are thrown and flayed, hundreds of dogs watching the operation and patiently waiting to devour the carcass. My correspondent, Mr. J. C. Gregory, has himself counted as many as three hundred there. A case of rabies has never been known to occur amongst them, for which the gentle Turk should be profoundly grateful. As hydrophobia never is self-generated, but always arises from the lick or bite of a rabid animal, it is to be hoped that no mad dog, cat, or other creature will ever be introduced among them from abroad.

Once more it becomes a duty to warn people who keep ferrets to make sure that they cannot get loose. I have just read of a shocking case at Oldbury of a child being disfigured for life and very nearly killed by one of these savage little animals. The victim was asleep, when the ferret, which had escaped from the box in which it was kept, fastened on the sleeper's nose, and tore away a considerable portion, besides inflicting other bites, before help arrived. Ferrets appear to have a strange partiality for child's flesh. I have read of many similar cases, some ending fatally.

An erroneous belief exists among the baser sort of horse owners that they are legally entitled to resort to any means, however brutal, to eradicate vicious propensities of temper. Down at Sheffield, two cartmen, father and son, experimented the other day with a novel method which, I am glad to say, brought them to grief. Having a horse with a temper of its own, they determined to get rid of that defect by tying the poor creature's head and tail together, and then rib-roasting it on either side with heavy sticks. This treatment was supposed to be an infallible cure, and no doubt it would be after a shorter or longer time, by ending the horse as well as its temper. But the magistrates denounced it as gross cruelty, and each of the would-be "horse breakers" had to pay a sovereign and costs.

Curious to think of, is it not? That a fish caught on the banks of Norfolkland should be the mortal foe of the British undertaker. A fact all the same, if one of the Altrincham guardians spoke by the book the other day. At the work-house there, codliver oil has been largely substituted for alcohol in the medical treatment of the inmates, and the result is that the coffin contractor is nearly ruined by the small death rate. The poor man has actually struck for higher pay.

A Japanese paper describes at length a grand battle between two armies of butterflies which was lately witnessed near a certain village. It lasted all one day and part of the next, the opposing generals hoping to bring off a fact all the same, if one of the Altrincham guardians spoke by the book the other day. At the work-house there, codliver oil has been largely substituted for alcohol in the medical treatment of the inmates, and the result is that the coffin contractor is nearly ruined by the small death rate. The poor man has actually struck for higher pay.

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"A Constant Reader," who has lately favoured us with the account of a wonderfully fertile canary, tells that while walking down Chapel-street, Islington, the other morning, he saw a fishmonger, who has a stall there, open a codfish. On removing the entrails he pulled out the greater part of a dishwater, which was rolled round and round into a hard ball, and on being pulled out was found to be quite a yard and a half square. It certainly is astonishing that the fish should have been able to swallow it without choking.

The same correspondent's hen canary, before mentioned, has gone to nest again, and, at the time of writing, had just laid her fifth egg, making a total of thirty-five for the year.

Mr. Matthews endorses Mr. E. C. Mitchell's opinion that the colour prison loses effect for some time after it has been used, and says that he has seen natives excite these snakes to attack a piece of cloth at the end of a stick, and after the cloth has been struck with boldly grasp the cobra, not minding the bites which it inflicts.

The same gentleman, in his very interesting letter, notices that there are two places in the Punjab, Hassan Abdul and Amritsar, where fish are kept in tanks. At the former place the fish are much tamer than at the latter, and come up to feed from the hand as soon as it is placed in the water. The fish are sacred at both of these places, and the natives object strongly to their being touched.

## THE ACTOR.

Those who on Saturday, the 16th, dropped into the Prince of Wales's to see and hear "Paul Jones" were possibly surprised to find two of the female characters played by two ladies new to the cast. One of them, Miss Camille D'Arville, is best remembered in London, perhaps, in connection with Madame Leonora Blenheim, but she had previously appeared in opera at the Strand. She is, I believe, a Dutch woman by birth, but surely she could speak more intelligible English if she tried? I scarcely understood a word that she said on the Saturday I refer to.

The other lady new to "Paul Jones" and the Prince of Wales's was Miss Esme Lee, a vocalist and actress much better known in the provinces than in London, where she has as yet scarcely had a chance. She is the wife of Mr. E. Redford, who was acting-manager of the Globe Theatre during Mr. Mansfield's stay there, and who still represents that gentleman in London. Miss Lee's best parts are, perhaps, Olivette and the heroine of M. Planquette's "Rip van Winkle."

I gather that "Theodor," as produced by Miss Grace Hawthorne at Brighton, has been a success, not only popularly but otherwise. Mr. Buchanan appears to have adapted the piece cleverly and effectively, and I suppose in due time we shall see it in London. Miss Hawthorne is supported by some talented people—Mr. Fuller Mellichamp, Miss Dolores Drummond, and others not so well known to metropolitan playgoers.

On Wednesday night the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George of Wales, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were all at Olympia, and that, perhaps, is why the myrmidons of the press were also invited to be present that evening. My own interest in the "show" was limited to that which was most nearly dramatic—the spectacle of "Nero," which I had not previously seen. I carefully refrained from looking at any programme or description, for I hold that spectacle should explain itself, or it is wanting. I

am free to confess that there were portions of the performance of which I could not make head or tail.

With the supposed final "conflagration" I was disappointed. It struck me as by no means "palpitating with actuality." I was not thrilled a bit, and nobody else seemed to be. But all the processioning and all the ballets and evolutions were admirably done, and the effect of the contrasts of colour in the various groupings was a source of genuine pleasure. Nothing better of that sort has ever been done in London, though I do not forget the "Excellior" ballet at Her Majesty's.

I am glad to find an opera by Mr. Edward Solomon once more one of the attractions of the London stage. Since "Billie Taylor" was first produced, Mr. Solomon has never had so prolonged a success upon the metropolitan boards as I think his merits have more than once entitled him to. Lately, however, his musical settings of "Pickwick" and "The Area Belle" have brought him to the front again, and I hope he may keep there. His chief drawback, in my view, is his extreme fluency. He generally gives us too much for the money. If he would always weed out the less taking of his melodies, he would score more triumphs.

During the last few weeks Mr. Solomon has been prodigiously busy, for he has been superintending the rehearsals of "The Red Hussar," writing new items for it, and simultaneously arranging the music for the pantomime at Her Majesty's. A few days ago he had to run down to Brighton for a little rest. No such recreation does Mr. Charles Harris allow himself. He has stuck to his work like a leech, and always looks fresh and fit.

I could fill this column with an account of the novelties and splendours which characterise the production of "Cinderella" at the big house in the Haymarket. But, alas! it would never do to take the public too far behind the scenes at this period of the proceedings. I think, however, I may say that Cinderella's ball dress will be made by the greatest of Parisian modistes, and that its brilliancy will be fabulous. Look out, too, for the new and effective way in which it will be brought to Cinderella in the first place.

It is to be hoped that the Gaiety will be crowded on Tuesday afternoon, for thereby not only will the family of the late George Stone be greatly benefited, but also pleasure, we may be sure, will be given to Miss Florence St. John, who has so generously withdrawn her own claim to a benefit at this time in order that Tuesday's function, taking the place of her intended matinee, might be a triumph. I am glad to hear that the widow of the late E. D. Ward, an admirable actor and a good fellow, is sufficiently well provided for, and yet Ward can hardly ever have been in receipt of a very big salary. All the more credit to him that he managed to save.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

The dethronement of Dom Pedro is a remarkable illustration of popular fickleness. His only fault was that he ruled with too much regard for the requirements of modern civilisation. Had he been more of the savage, he might have remained on the throne for the rest of his lifetime. But his abolition of slavery and his edict extending toleration to all religions gave deep offence to powerful interests, while his aversion to ambitious war offended the military leaders. So, like Aristides of old, Dom Pedro fell entirely through being too just. If I mistake not, the Brazilians will have abundant cause before long to regret their temerity in exchanging old lamps for new.

There is a certain similarity, except in the outcome, between this military revolution and that which General Boulanger hoped to bring off in France. He, it is true, sought to overthrow a republic, whereas General Fonseca aimed at the subversion of a monarchy. But the real object of each was to establish a military dictatorship, with himself at its head, and the method employed was the banding together of all discontented elements and the corruption of the Army. The Brazilian empire has succumbed; the French republic still survives, but who shall say for how long?

In England military intervention in politics is, happily, unknown, and every British citizen goes his way without the slightest fear of British soldiery. He, it is true, sought to overthrow a republic, whereas General Fonseca aimed at the subversion of a monarchy. But the real object of each was to establish a military dictatorship, with himself at its head, and the method employed was the banding together of all discontented elements and the corruption of the Army. The Brazilian empire has succumbed; the French republic still survives, but who shall say for how long?

The Road Car men are well advised to abandon their intention of making war against their own company alone. That would have helped to aggravate the London General Omnibus Company by humiliating its only formidable rival. My sympathies are entirely with the men in this dispute; their hours of toil are unquestionably far too long. Twelve hours a day of such trying work would be quite long enough in all conscience. As for the financial side of the question, the additional expense entailed by reliefs might be met by increasing fares. The companies have a right to a fair profit on the capital sunk in plant, and if it cannot be earned either without inhumanity on the one hand or higher rates on the other, the latter alternative must be accepted by the travelling public.

Mr. Barnum is evidently quick to note national peculiarities. Perceiving that the original scale of charges for admission to his wonderful show was too high for British liking, he forthwith made a large reduction all round. Not that the original charges were a whit too high for such an excellent entertainment. But the Britisher thought otherwise, and Mr. Barnum instantly bowed to the popular decision. He would make a capital king for any country in want of a ruler; his subjects might feel sure that even if his instinct did not anticipate their wishes, he would always be found on a level with national aspirations when authoritatively expressed.

It is curious that while the domestic bakery is still a household institution in the north of England, the south, except in remote districts, knows it not. In Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland, baking at home is quite the rule among workpeople; a wife who could not turn her hand to it would be considered an embarrassment. This is the case even in the great towns, whereas in the midland and southern counties it is the rarest thing to find home-made bread within urban limits. Why this difference should exist I know not; perhaps it may be another instance of the superior thrift of the hardy, economical northerners.

No Government would, I suppose, dare to legislate prize-fighting. All the highly superior and highly sentimental folks would be up in arms in a moment. Yet very cogent arguments for that course might be adduced. By legalising the sport and placing it under proper regulations, the ruffianism which now disgraces it could quickly be eliminated, while, to prevent anything in the shape of brutality, a medical official might be in attendance authorised to stop proceedings at any moment. It is a bold idea, no doubt, but seeing how ingrained in British nature is the love of these combats, it would seem advisable to put matters on a better footing than at present. Many of the so-called "glove fights" sanctioned by the police are prize fights to all intents and purposes.

Will the commissioner of police obligingly answer a simple question? When lately attending Hyde Park demonstrations, I have observed certain Radical and Socialist newspapers on sale. Is this permissible? My reason for putting the query is that orange sellers and itinerant merchants generally are not allowed to carry on business inside the park gates. Yet the wares they sell are harm-

less, which is more than can be said for the literature in question. If Mr. Moore has no jurisdiction in the matter, who has? I pause for a reply.

## MR. WHEELER.

Now is the season of the year when the observant warfarer comes across machines of ancient and fish-like savour. Whence do they come and whither do they go, these wheeled monstrosities? One never sees them during the regular season, so sure it is that the month will bring with it what look like the ghosts of defunct machines. Among other oddities which have come under my notice lately the queerest of all was an ordinary wheel with the little wheel in front. It seemed to slide along pretty lightly, and the rider looked as if he were right proud of bestriding such a lovely model.

My recent comments on that nonsensical term "practical cyclist" have drawn down upon me a deluge of correspondence. Be not alarmed, dear readers, I am not going to inflict it on you; that would be too cruel. I have merely referred to this martyrdom by way of further showing how absurd is the term, and how unmeaning. It is the literal fact that each of my correspondents gives it a different signification. One lays it down that no wheelman incapable of riding a hundred miles a day deserves to be considered a "practical cyclist"; others lower the standard by one half; a third regards thirty miles a day as the proper test, and so also in regard to knowledge of the mechanism, hence the qualification ranges between the expertise of a trained mechanic and the degree of familiarity to be gained by casual inspection.

Passing along Oxford-street on Monday forenoon, I saw a trim young fellow on a tall ordinary deftly winding in and out through the crowded vehicles with both paws off the handle bars. First he filled his pipe, then lighted it, and he did this as coolly and leisurely as if his machine could be trusted to steer itself by instinct. Let no novice attempt that sort of display; the necessary nerve and skill are only given to a very few.

Tempted by the fine weather I have taken to riding again, but find the roads outside London unpleasantly heavy. Still, one gains the exercise, and that means, to many of us, all the difference between high spirits and low, between good health and meanness. There is nothing like a sharp run followed by warm beer, to expel the torpid liver going; it is better than whole bottles of podophyllin pills, efficacious as they are. It is also very beneficial, I find, when muscular rheumatism sets in, while as a safe cure for obesity there is nothing to compare with it. I know of a case in which a gentleman of too ample figure has gradually acquired quite a respectable figure by merely going for an hour's ride every morning before breakfast. I had not seen him for some months when I met him the other day, and the change in his appearance was quite remarkable.

The presentation to the Reverend H. Hooper, the popular incumbent of Ripley, for his kindly attentions to cyclists, was an entirely successful affair. About one hundred and fifty wheelmen put in an appearance, including most of the great knights of the road. But it amused me to see it chronicled in the daily papers, as an extraordinary thing, that Major Knox Holmes rode down to take part in the ceremony, in spite of his many years. Of course he did; why the gallant old warrior would think nothing of doing twice or thrice the distance of duty called. The wondering papers gave him as between 80 and 90 years. I doubt his being quite so old as that; 75 or thereabouts would be, I fancy, nearer the mark. But, be his years what they may, there are few cyclists who could "bust him up" over a long course.

Beware, oh wheelmen! of Piccadilly. Owing to the wood pavement being in course of repair, the traffic is dammed to one side, and the consequent block causes the wheelman to profane "dam" it with an "a," from "hot to herb." From the safe security of an omnibus knife-bomb I saw an unfortunate tricycleist the other afternoon go through a series of most thrilling adventures among the crowd of conveyances. When we parted from him a hansom cab horse was biting at his back hair, while in front a wobbling empty cask on a brewer's dray threatened him with destruction. He looked pale.

When is the C.T.C. going to bring out their long promised English road book? A scoffer at my elbow suggests that it will not appear until the talented secretary has slaked his fine natural taste for libel. That is more ribaldry, of course; Mr. Shipton must have plenty of time on his hands, I imagine, for both pleasure and work; at all events, it is quite certain that the preparation of the Monthly Gazette cannot seriously diminish his leisure. A really good road book of authentic character would be a most valuable thing, as I remarked some time ago, the C.T.C. would have little difficulty in compiling it from the reports of local councils.

It is curious that few, if any, of our great public schools have yet included cycling among their recognised athletic games. St. Paul's started a bicycle club a short time ago, but in this case, as in others, the object is road riding in company. Before many years pass, I fully expect to see inter-school cycling contests, as in the case of cricket, football, and rifle-shooting. The main difficulty is, I believe, to find convenient racing tracks. Grass courses are not popular either with men or boys.

It is said that the illustrious Barnum—may his show never grow less—once mounted a tricycle to see how he would like that way of going ahead. After going at a rapid speed for several miles, the good old man remarked that "it seemed as fine a healthy exercise, but the next time he tried it he'd wear a pair of hippopotamus-hide breeches." Curious what a difference there is in human skins. I have never experienced that sort of discomfort either on horseback or on wheelback. Perhaps, like the patient monkey, I possess an exceptionally tough outer cuticle, and that may be the reason why, in tropical countries, I never suffered to the same extent as other Europeans from insect bites.

## A SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.

At the Marlborough-street Court on Wednesday, Thomas Burton, aged 60, a clerk of Mount-street, was charged with misapplying the sum of £12 16s., which had been entrusted to him as the paid secretary of the Sons of Briton Friendly Society to pay to a sick member, named Neville. —Mr. W. Brown, landlord of the Red Lion public-house, Wavertree-street, said that he, as the treasurer of the society, had handed over the money to the prisoner since June last, and John Louis Flint, a coachman, one of the stewards, spoke to Neville not having received any sick money for four months. The society was composed mainly of gentlemen's servants.—Detective Humphreys arrested the accused after he had been confined to his house for some weeks by an attack of rheumatic gout.—The prisoner said that some time ago he was robbed of a sum of money, and was therefore unable to meet his engagements. He kept back Neville's money in order to pay the subscriptions to other members, and in order to do so he had borrowed all that he could and done everything possible to liquidate the amount. He had no intention of robbing the fund. Mr. Evans asked him £10, and ordered him to repay the £12 16s., or be imprisoned with hard labour for three months.



**THE ANNALS OF THE POOR.**

Government also listened as much as they had done all that was possible to ships on the stocks completed and to put the naval force of the country in an efficient state.

Philanthropic Society. It was decided to distribute about £50 in tickets for bread, meat, coal, &c., amongst the poor of the neighbourhood.







## A JUDICIAL SEPARATION

### A JUDICIAL SEPARATION

In the Divorce Court on Saturday, before Mr. Justice Butt, the case of *Howard v. Howard* came on for hearing. This was the petition of the wife for a judicial separation, on the ground of alleged cruelty of her husband, Mr. Edward Howard, formerly a merchant. He answered, denying the charge. Mr. Middleton appeared for the petitioner; and Mr. Barleigh Mair for the respondent.—Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Howard, the petitioner, deposed that she was married to the respondent on the 6th February, 1883. They afterwards lived for a short while, and latterly at St. James's Hotel, Sydney-house. Thereafter she was living of the marriage. He had pinched her with violence, habitually sworn at her, and threatened her with a revolver. He had said that he would murder her. Owing to his conduct she had fainted away. In cross-examination, she was asked if she was in the habit of giving her husband "a bit of her mind," when she replied that she was hasty.—His lordship said that he did not know the meaning of the phrase "a bit of her mind." Cross-examined. She had a serious illness, and was attended by her husband most assiduously. In 1887 he occupied a separate room. On one occasion he was about to strike her when a servant came in, when, changing his tone, he said, "You little darling." (Laughter.) She removed the furniture against his will.—Corroborative evidence was given of the cruelty by two or three witnesses. For the defence, Mr. Barleigh Mair, the respondent, called Mrs. Howard. He said he was formerly a merchant. His wife's evidence as to knocking her against the bedstead and bruising her leg was "a deliberate lie from beginning to end." It was not polite to his wife, but he could not call it anything else. Her conduct at times was very strange. Had pushed her out of the room, but had not used violence. Had threatened to shoot anybody who would strike her, or used violence towards her of any kind.—In cross-examination, he said that she had £7,000 when he married her. He believed she had £4,500 when they parted. He did not know how much she had had, but he thought about £12,000. He had never paid anything for the household expenses. He thought he was allowed to get angry sometimes, as he was not an angel. (Laughter.)—Testimony of the other witnesses was to the effect that the husband was very kind and indulgent to his wife.—In the result his lordship granted the wife a judicial separation, with costs.

" when she replied that she was  
friendship said that he did not know t

His defence was that he was a married man, and the plaintiff was his wife. (Laughter.) Cross-examined; She had a serious illness, and was attended by her husband most assiduously. In 1837 he occupied a separate room. On one occasion he was about to strike her when a servant came in, when, changing his tone, he said, "You little darling." (Laughter.) She removed the furniture against his will.—Corroborative evidence was given of the cruelty by two or three witnesses. — For the defence, Mr. Edward Howard, the respondent was called. He said he was formerly a merchant. His wife's evidence as to knocking her against the bedstead and bruising her legs "so that she could lie down no longer, to and "it was not polite to his wife, but he could not call it anything else. Her conduct at times was very strange. Had pushed her out of the room, but had not used violence. Had threatened to shoot anybody who removed the furniture. He had never struck her or used violence towards her of any kind.—In cross-examination, he said that she had £7,000 when he married her. He believed she had £4,500 when they parted. He did not know how much he had had, but he thought about £1,200. He had never paid anything for the household expenses. He thought he was allowed to get angry sometimes, but he was not violent. He said the respondent was addicted to the snuff that the respondent was very kind and indulgent to his wife.—In the result his lordship granted the wife a judicial separation, with costs.

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ing a bear. I quickly withdrew my  
us and put in bullets, but what we

prise to see a huge bear trotting quickly towards me, apparently regardless of the dogs. When within seventy paces I fired, and saw him fall, but nevertheless I thought it prudent to give him a second shot, which likewise took effect. I afterwards proceeded to a hillock close by, and called my companions, but hardly had I raised my voice ere the bear got up and made straight for me. I had just time to reload, and fire, when he finished him off, for he fell upon me with a terrible howl and knocked me heavily to the ground. I managed to push the barrels of my gun into his open jaws, and fired a second shot. Luckily, also, two dogs came up and seized him from behind. I

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[illegible]

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**Solicitors:** Messrs. **WILSON, BRISTOWS, and CARP. MARRL**, 1, Cephalopod Buildings, London, E.C.  
**AVENUE**, Messrs. **KILGOUR, ROSS, and YOUNGS, WELSH, BISHOP, and CLARKE**, 1, Grosvenor-street, London, E.C.  
**BROKERS:** Messrs. **COATES, BORN, and Co.**, 55, Gresham-street, London, E.C.  
**SECRETARY** (pro tem.) **W. E. S. WILLIAMS, Esq.**  
**TEMPORARY OFFICE:** **W. R. S. Street**, London, E.C.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring and further developing the business of Messrs. H. H. Warner and Co., of Rochester, New York, and elsewhere. Mr. H. H. Warner is the sole proprietor of the proprietary preparation known as "Warner's Safe" Eucalypti, and Mr. H. H. Warner and Warner's Safe" Eucalypti, together with the various properties and businesses in the United States, Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Australia.

The following is a list of the names of every part of the civilized world. In the United States, where they have been longest before the public, the total number of voluntary testimonials received is almost beyond belief. The large profits

**UPPER BOSTON.**—On the 1st of September, Mr. Warner conducted a sale of the new famous Warner's "Safe" Remedies, the sales of which have already amounted to have amounted in the United States alone for the seven years and eleven months ending 1st August, 1890, to the sum of \$1,000,000, and during the first seven years of that period, up to the date of the foregoing sale, to the examination of the books by Messrs. Macmillan, Young, and Co., having been \$215,915 10c. 10d.

**PHILADELPHIA, TRADE MARK, &c.**  
The manufacturers of building glass in Rochester, N.Y., especially constructed for this business, of double-pane, plate-glass, eight stories in height, and having three and one

freehold, and will be conveyed free from incumbrances. It is fitted with most modern appliances and machinery for carrying on the business of a distillery.

For particulars apply to Messrs. J. & W. G. Macdonald, the Agents, 100, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, or to Messrs. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Freeburg are held on short lease.

The Trade Names and Marks, which are registered in the principal countries, are of great importance and value.

**ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE.**

The books of the Vendor have been examined by Messrs. Tarasand, Young, and Co., the well-known firm of Chartered Accountants, and the following is the Certificate given by them:

St. Columba-street, London, W.C., November 1st, 1898.

SIR,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th inst., in relation to the business of the Western Y. & N. Co., Ltd., for the period of seven years, from August 1st, 1891, to August 31st, 1898, and find that for that period the total sales of the "safe" Remedies in the United States amounted to the sum of \$2,000,000, of which the gross profit amounted to \$360,000, or a yearly average of 60 per cent, or at 60 per cent, \$239,416.

The total sales in Canada from the commencement of business there in 1891, to December 31st, 1898 (a period of six years), amounted to \$47,992 10 cents, of which the gross profit was \$10,346 50 cents, or a yearly average of 14,307 dollars = \$2,300.

The total sales in Australia, according to the returns received

The sales in England and Germany have been as follows:-

	IN ENGLAND.		
For 11 months ending 31st December, 1898 ..	£11,360	7 s	
" " " " " "	12,470	14 "	
" " " " " "	12,399	11 "	

[illegible]

Remedies in the United States for 7 years, as shown above, have been .....	289,418
The certified average annual profits of the "Safe" remedies in Canada for 6 years have been .....	9,929
The certified average annual net profits of the "Safe" Remedies in Australia for 3 years have been .....	28,886
Together .....	\$164,871
Add annual profit (guaranteed for three years from the July, 1908, by Mr. W. Warner) from the manufacture and sale of "Log Cabin" Remedies and "Safe" Yeast .....	15,000

This estimate includes nothing for the profits to be derived from the business, established in England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, may reasonably be expected to largely increase the said net profits in the future.	£19,981
The Annual Interest on £150,000 Debentures at 6 per cent. will require	9,000
The Annual Dividend on 2,000,000 Preference Shares at 5 per cent. will require	10,000
A dividend of about 15 per cent. on 2,500,000 Ordinary Shares will absorb	38,500
<b>Together</b>	<b>£77,500</b>
Leaving on the sheet	£12,481

The price to be paid by the Company for the entire business as a going concern, to be taken over on or about May 1st, 1936, is \$100,000. The price includes the name and marks, prescriptions and recipes, freehold and leasehold interests, fixtures, fittings in American, elsewhere, fixed and movable plant and machinery, fixtures and utensils at Rochester, N. Y., and the different kinds of tools and equipment used by the bakers, the stock-in-trade (consisting of wholly and partly baked goods, and of raw material, and advertising matter), furniture and all property

benefit of all current contracts entered into by Mr. Warner in relation thereto, is \$700,000, payable as to

\$50,000 in Debentures—	Being one-third of each issue, and the largest amount permitted by the Rules of the London Stock Exchange.
\$20,000 in Fully-paid Preference Shares	
150,000 " Ordinary Shares	
100,000 in Cash or Preference and Ordinary Shares, or part of each as the option of the Company, and	
200,000 in Cash.	
<u>\$700,000</u>	

The Company will not take over any of the liabilities of the Western Union to its first July, 1906.

Subject to the consent of the Railway Share Trust and Agency Company, Limited, as Trustees for the Debenture Holders, the freehold property at Rochester, N. Y., will be conveyed to the American Corporation, to be formed in New York State, under the name of the Western Union Telephone Company, or may be devised, to comply with the laws of the State of New York.

Mr. Warner, who has personally supervised the growth of the business to its present dimensions, and who only recently has been relieved of the onerous claims upon his time and attention which the extensive ownership of a concern of such

security of the Company as the Rules of the Stock Exchange permit, and has agreed to act as Managing Director for a term of five years, commencing on the 1st day of January 1911, and the net profits amount to \$117,000, and the value of the surplus profits in excess of that sum, and has further agreed while acting in that capacity to hold at least 10% of the Company's stock, the value of the past value of the Provisions have been inserted in the statement of the protection of the Company against opposition in trade on his part.

The various departments and branches will be carried on as heretofore under the same experienced managers and competent assistants.

tion of the Company up to and including the amount of shares, as well as the amount of subscription the subscriber







## LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

## City Summons Court.

**THE MURDER CASE.**—Arthur Wood was summoned for allowing a dog to be at large without having a muzzle on. Police-constable Clapperton said he saw the defendant with a dog with him in New Bridge-street. The dog had a strap muzzle on, and witness told him he did not think it was sufficient, as the dog could open its mouth quite an inch. Defendant said he did not put a wire muzzle on because another dog had fought with his and injured his dog with his wire muzzle. Defendant brought the dog with him, and after looking at it with the muzzle on, Mr. Alderman Tyler dismissed the summons. Frederick Taylor was summoned for a like offence. In this case the dog was a St. Bernard, and had a strap muzzle on, but in the opinion of the constable it could open its mouth at least two inches. Defendant said the muzzle was sufficient, and was the best for economy and efficiency, and was the most humane of any. He had had seven years' experience in the dog trade, and that was the result of his experience. Alderman Tyler did not think the dog was sufficiently muzzled, and imposed a fine of 5s., and costs. George Francis Hall was summoned for a similar offence, and fined 5s. and costs, the same remarks being made to him. Half their time was taken up with hearing these dog muzzle summonses. Harry Lockwood was fined 10s. and costs, and Frank Chapman, a boy of 14, 5s. and costs for a similar offence. A summons against Mr. J. W. Couch, of Gresham-street, was dismissed, as the dog was only taken out of a phaeton outside Mr. Couch's premises, and was going into the shop when the constable spoke to the defendant.

## Bow-street.

**A VERY RAW RECRUIT.**—James Foley, a stoker on an Atlantic liner, was charged, on remand, with falsely representing himself to be a deserter from the 4th Hussars. The circumstances under which the defendant surrendered himself as a deserter, and his subsequent admission that he had been the victim of a practical joke played by a soldier, who induced him to change his private clothes for military attire, have been ascertained. A sergeant of the Coldstream Guards stated that he had been unable to trace to whom the uniform belonged, as this was the furlough season. The man wearing the same number as that given by the prisoner was still in the regiment. Mr. Vaughan said it was very singular that the clothing could not be traced. The sergeant said they had really been unable to trace the regiment, as the number of the clothing was only in the 11th Hussars, and that regiment wore red trousers, whereas those worn by the defendant were dark blue with a yellow stripe. It had been ascertained that the defendant, who had been presented himself to be a deserter, and had recently returned from a voyage. Mr. Vaughan said he believed the defendant had been imposed upon, and cautioned him that if he falsely represented himself to be a deserter he would be liable to imprisonment. He discharged the defendant.

## Marlborough-street.

**A REGENT-STREET BRAWL.**—Ethel Gray, Ellen Ford, Fulham, and Elizabeth Stone, of Haywood-road, Waltham Green, were charged with being riotous in Regent-street at an early hour on Saturday morning. Constable James said that he heard loud screaming near Swan and Edgar's, and on proceeding to the spot he found the two women fighting each other. On seeing Gray, she threw herself down and behaved in a violent manner. At the station she refused her name and address, and was locked up. Gray now said that she was being wrongly charged. She had not been in Piccadilly more than ten minutes before "this woman" gave her a knock with her umbrella. She "did not challenge the blow," and was walking away when the constable took her. Simmonds said that when Gray passed her she spat in her face, and she retaliated with her umbrella. She had lived with Gray for thirteen months, and since she had left her she had continually annoyed her. Gray interfered and was removed to the rear. Simmonds said that this morning Gray was with a gentleman, and when they met her she pushed her aside and otherwise annoyed her. She hit her back in self defence. Gray said that on leaving the Empress she entered into Piccadilly, and meeting a man whom she knew she walked with him until she met Simmonds. Simmonds struck her with her umbrella. Sergeant Brewer said that the pair were unknown to him, and Mr. Newton let them off with a fine of 5s. each.

**A VERY CURIOUS STORY.**—Louisa Contyear, aged 25, a milliner, who refused her address, was charged with stealing a gold watch, worth £25, from John Stephen Willy, a bookseller, of Jernyn-street. The prosecutor said that early on Tuesday the prisoner handed him her card as he was crossing near Piccadilly Circus, and insinuated that a drink would be acceptable. He took her to a saloon and then he walked as far as Nassau-street in her company. Every now and then she lurched up against him in a way that seemed to him inexplicable. They stopped outside a house in Nassau-street, and were standing on the doorstep, when the prisoner told him that her sister, who lived just round the corner, had the key, and asked him to wait while she went to fetch it. Just at that moment a man came up and complained of their being on his doorstep. On seeing him the prisoner ran away. While talking to the man he happened to feel for his watch, when he found that it was no longer in his pocket. He informed the police of his loss, and on Friday was walking along Coventry-street, in company with a detective, when he saw the prisoner and gave her into custody. Detective sergeant Bowden said that when he arrested the woman she said, "I am a respectable lady. He must have made a mistake. It is a dreadful thing to take a lady's character away like this." Mr. Newton remanded the prisoner.

## Clerkenwell.

**ALLEGED NEGLECT OF CHILDREN.**—George Frederick Pearce, 40, labourer, of no fixed home, and Ellen Pearce, his wife, an inmate of the St. Pancras Workhouse, were charged, on a warrant, with neglecting their three children—Ellen, aged 13 years; William, aged 9; and Frederick, aged 8. Mr. Rendall Moore prosecuted on behalf of the St. Pancras guardians, and said the proceedings against the parents were taken under the new Cruelty to Children Act. Dr. Dunlop, medical officer, said the female prisoner brought the three children to the workhouse, with an order for admission from the relieving officer, on the 2nd November. They were insufficiently clothed, dirty, and badly nourished. The girl was suffering from bronchial catarrh and had a sore leg which had not been in any way attended to. The other two children had also sores upon their bodies due to neglect and dirt, and all three had vermin in their hair. When the mother came to the workhouse she was in an intoxicated condition. The health of the children had been rapidly improving since they were admitted to the workhouse. The prisoners were remanded for further inquiries.

## Thames.

**"JACK THE RIPPER."**—Thomas Hefferon, a rough-looking fellow, was charged with being drunk and with annoying females in the public streets. On Friday night Constable 367 H was on duty in Cannon-street-road when he saw the prisoner, who was drunk, stopping respectable women, and saying that he was "Jack the Ripper." In answer to Mr. Lushington, the constable said that the women whom the prisoner stopped and told that he was "Jack the Ripper" appeared to be very much frightened, and ran away as fast as they could. Mr. Lushington sentenced him to seven days' imprisonment, with hard labour.

**ASSAULTING A RAILWAY OFFICIAL.**—Joseph Nixon, proprietor of the Lads of the Village public-house, Albion-street, North Woolwich, who had been previously sentenced, was summoned for

assaulting Frederick Gaster, ticket collector, in the employ of the Great Eastern Railway Company, at Shadwell Station. Complainant stated that on the evening of the 23rd ult. he was on duty at the down side barrier, when he saw a man fall down at the bottom of the stairs. Witness refused to allow him to go on to the platform because he was drunk, when defendant came downstairs and said the other man was to go by train. Defendant was also drunk, and witness refused to allow either of them to go on to the platform. Nixon said they should go, and tried to force his friend upstairs. Witness got in front of them, when defendant struck him across the face with his umbrella. He also struck him several times on the chest. He struck at him again, and witness stepped aside, when the defendant fell against the door and cut his ear. For the defence, Mr. Atkinson said, if his instructions were correct, the way in which defendant was treated was most outrageous. Having heard witness for the defence, however, Mr. Lushington said he could not doubt that the ticket officer, and that the latter did not assault him. Defendant would be fined 40s., or one month.

## West London.

**URGING A DOG TO WORRY A BOY.**—George Brazier was charged with assaulting William Hancock, aged 10, a stable boy, and further with urging a dog to worry him. The complainant, who had his right arm in a sling, deposed that on Friday night he was in Kilburn-lane with a friend, who tapped at Mrs. Harper's shutters. The prisoner, who did not live there, came out and ordered them away. He refused to go, and the prisoner ran after him. He attempted to strike the other boy, who took off his belt, but did not use it. At the corner of the Fifth Avenue the prisoner said he wished he had his dog with him. Half an hour afterwards the prisoner returned with a bull-terrier. At that time there were eight of them standing at the corner. Witness ran away, and the prisoner said, "Fetch him, Spot." The dog ran after him and caught hold of his arm, biting him. The prisoner also struck him with a cane over the head and arm. In cross-examination, the witness said he took off his belt to defend his friend, but he did not strike the prisoner with it. William Corry, the other boy, said he had no object in tapping at the shutters. He tapped them as he was passing. The prisoner had the dog by the collar, and on loosening it he said, "Fetch him, Spot." The complainant called out that the dog had bitten him. The prisoner did not call the dog off, but hit the complainant with the cane. The dog also clamped at him (the witness). He did not know the prisoner. Mr. George Robertson (divisional surgeon to the Kilburn Police) said the complainant was brought to his surgery, and he examined him. He found that he had a gaping wound, about an inch in length, on the outer side of the right arm. He cauterised the wound, and dressed it. The wound would not heal before a fortnight. Constable 324 X said a muzzle was brought to the station by a friend of the prisoner. The boy Corry, re-called, said the dog was not muzzled. Mr. Plowden thought the case clearly proved, and said prisoner had disregarded the muzzle order. It was a dangerous and reckless proceeding, for which he committed the prisoner for two months, with hard labour.

## Westminster.

**THE END OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY.**—Frederick Johnston, 19, of 21, Maxwell-road, Sandgate, and Fulham, were charged before Mr. Sheil with assaulting Charles Woods, warehouseman, of 26, Moore-street, Chelsea, in Gunter Grove, Fulham-road, at two o'clock on Saturday morning. Constable Bennett, 325 B, said the prosecutor, who had a bad black eye, was unable, through the exigencies of business, to be in attendance, but other witnesses present saw the assault. John Gladstone, of 39, Gunter Grove, said his mother gave a party on Friday, the occasion being his sister's twenty-first birthday. The company were enjoying themselves downstairs singing and drinking until between two and three a.m. in the kitchen, when they were startled by the opening of the area door, and the appearance of the prisoner and another young man, strangers to every one, who demanded beer and expressed a desire to join in the harmony. On being ordered to leave they became most abusive, and said that the women present were of improper character. They also showed fight, and were with much difficulty pushed up the steps to the gate, where one friend of witness was knocked down and another, the prosecutor, received a violent blow on the eye from the prisoner. The accused said he was going home with an acquaintance, when they were invited down the area of 39, Gunter Grove by two young servant girls, "just to have a drink" and see how merrily the party was going. They turned the handle of the area door to peep in, and he should think they were set on by at least ten people and buffeted about. Mr. Sheil inquired of the witness Gladstone if he knew anything of the story about the girls. The witness said the two servants were sent next door for the loan of extra glasses, but he did not think they had invited strangers down the area. Mr. Sheil considered the prisoner had acted in an outrageous way, and remanded him for a week, requiring bail in £20 for his appearance.

**A DISORDERLY HOUSE.**—Elizabeth Sarah Ann Bain, a widow, well-dressed, was charged, on remand, with keeping a disorderly house at 9, Wood-street, Westminster. Mr. Warrington Rogers prosecuted for the parish; and Mr. Moyes was counsel for the prisoner. A gentleman who lived opposite prisoner's house and persons in the employ of a private inquiry agent, who had kept special observation on the premises, testified to the fact that they were habitually frequented by persons of bad repute, and that this was denied by the accused. Inspector Field, Division, proved that she was convicted of a similar offence in April, 1887. Mr. Sheil: More than two years ago. I suppose the parish only want to stop the nuisance. Mr. Rogers said that was so. They expected, too, to be recouped the expense of this prosecution, which was considerable. Prisoner accepted the advice of her counsel, and pleaded guilty. Mr. Sheil said if the case had been fought out and the defendant had refrained from giving an undertaking never to repeat the offence, he would have sentenced her to four months' hard labour without the option of a fine. She would enter into recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon—it meant imprisonment if she was called upon—and pay the parish £10 toward the costs of the prosecution. The money was at once paid. Mr. Sheil (speaking to the prisoner): You may consider that you have got off very well.

## Lambeth.

**BURGLARY IN CLAPHAM-ROAD.**—John Phillips, 28, and Henry Williams, 30, of no fixed home, were charged with burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-house, No. 16, The Grove, Clapham-road, and stealing thirteen plated spoons, twenty-two forks, soup ladles, and other articles, the property of Mrs. Edwards. Police-constable Conway, 17 W, and Lloyd, 524 W, were on duty between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning, and saw the two prisoners come out of The Grove, Clapham-road, and proceed towards the Brixton-road. The officers followed, and about fifty or sixty yards further on one of the prisoners threw something away into a garden in front of the house, 162, Brixton-road. It sounded like a piece of metal being thrown down. The officers followed quickly and stopped the two prisoners. They were asked what they were doing at that time of the morning, when one of them said they were only going to see a friend in Dorset-street. Upon the prisoners the officers found the property mentioned in the charge, and proceeded to take other articles, which it was stated would form portions of other charges of burglary or housebreaking against the prisoners. Mr. Louis Bannister, a governor in the employ of Mrs. Edwards, of 16,

The Grove, Clapham-road, stated that she saw that the house was securely fastened up on Friday night. She was aroused by the police, and then found that the house had been entered and property taken away. She identified the articles produced by the police as portions of the stolen property. Inspector Last, of the W Division, stated that after the prisoners were charged he went to the house in The Grove and found that an entry had been made first by the back kitchen window being opened by forcing back the catch. This was followed by a hole being cut in the shutter by which a hand could pass through and so unbolt the fastening. The lower portion of the premises had been ransacked. Witness afterwards examined a garden in the Brixton-road, and there found the jemmy produced, and which had evidently been thrown there by one of the prisoners prior to being taken into custody. It was further stated that some articles found upon the prisoners formed portions of the proceeds of other cases of burglary or housebreaking. Mr. Partridge ordered a remand for inquiries to be made.

## Southwark.

**A CONSTABLE SENT FOR TRIAL.**—Police-constable William Sullivan, 228 M, appeared to a summons, charging him with having assaulted John Cashman. The case has already been before the court, and on the last occasion the complainant said he was a costermonger, and shortly after midnight on Saturday, the 19th of October, he was standing beside his barrow outside the Swan beerhouse, St. George's Circus, when the defendant, with another constable, came behind him and said, "Now then, get out of this," at the same time tripping him up and causing him to fall into the roadway. He got up, when the defendant again tripped him up and he fell on the stones and broke his arm. Mr. Sydney, solicitor, who appeared for the defence, called a number of witnesses who said the complainant and a number of others were ejected from a fish shop next door to the Swan for creating a disturbance, and they all went away. One witness deposed to seeing Cashman wheeling his barrow home, which he was remanded to the workhouse for a period of two days. There is a direct issue of fact raised on the part of the witnesses for the complainant and for the defence, and, in my opinion, it is eminently a case to go to a jury to decide. The defendant was then cautioned, and he pleaded not guilty, and Mr. Fenwick formally committed him to take his trial at the London Sessions. Cashman was bound over in the sum of £40 to appear and give evidence, and Sullivan was bound over in £20.

**CHARGE OF STABBING A WIFE.**—Thomas Ware, 36, a labourer, of Grange-road, Bermondsey, was charged with unlawfully wounding his wife, and with stabbing her through the hand. Police-constable 129 L said about five o'clock on Friday afternoon the prisoner's wife came up to him and said her husband had stabbed her with a knife. He took the accused to the station, and he was charged, but the wife did not now appear to prosecute. The wound was dressed at Guy's Hospital. In answer to the charge the accused said that he had been out of work for some time, and the previous afternoon, after being out the whole of the day trying to find employment, he returned home, when his wife began to "jaw" him. He told her to be quiet, when she picked up a jug and tried to strike him with it. He dodged out of the way and the jug broke in his wife's hand cutting her thumb. She then went out of the place, and whilst he was preparing some tea for the children in she came again with a policeman and gave him into custody for stabbing her. "Well, you might have knocked me down with a feather, but I goes to the station and here I am." The accused was remanded for a week.

## Wandsworth.

**ABSCONDING WITH £50.**—Fanny Witton, 16, a factory girl, was charged with stealing £50, the property of Mrs. Edwin Hines, a sauce manufacturer of 5, Winstanley-road, Battersea. The prosecutor said the prisoner had been in his employ about two months. On Thursday he sent her with £50 to the Battersea branch of the London and South-Western Bank to pay in to his account. As she never returned he gave information to the police. Sergeant Forley proved arresting the prisoner at Winchester Barracks. In answer to the charge the prisoner said she would not have done it only a young man, a friend of hers, was likely to be drafted from Winchester Barracks, and she wanted to see him before he left, as he did not know where he was going to. She also stated that she purchased a watch and chain, an ulster, and a hat with a portion of the money. The sergeant added that the whole of the money had been recovered with the exception of about £4. The prisoner who made no answer to the charge before the magistrate, was committed to prison for six weeks, with hard labour.

## Croydon.

**COMPLAINT AGAINST INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AUTHORITIES.**—A labouring man, named Hazell, was summoned by Mr. Harris, one of her Majesty's inspectors of industrial schools, for the non-payment of 25s., arrears due under a justices' order for the maintenance of his son while an inmate of the Milburn St. Andrew's Industrial School, Blandford, Dorset. The defendant was represented by his wife, who informed the bench that while her son was an inmate of the school he became partially blind and sustained a broken leg, and yet she was not afforded an opportunity of receiving a letter from him during a period of two years, neither would the officials tell her where she could write to him; and she also complained that her son's broken leg was not attended to, and that he had to work very hard instead of being educated. Mr. Harris said that was a very serious statement to make against the managers of the school, and he thought the boy's leg to be examined. The chairman ordered the boy to stand up at the solicitors' table and be sworn, and he was sworn. Mr. Harris said that he would be very careful now, at all events. Mrs. Hazell, 50, 51, 52, don't spend our money in public-houses. Mr. Harris at this point handed to the bench the medical journal kept by the doctor at the school in question, and remarked that the magistrates would observe by that that the boy had not broken his leg. Dr. Hetley now proceeded to examine the boy in a private room, and upon returning into court, announced that the child's leg had been broken, as the lad himself explained, through his falling off a wagon. According to what the boy said he appeared to have scraped together all the rag he could find and done his best to put his leg right again. It did not appear that he ever appealed to the officers at the school or asked them to see that his leg was attended to. Mrs. Hazell contended that they should have seen to him. Sir Thomas Edridge said the bench quite agreed with her. Dr. Hetley, continuing, said he was surprised that a boy should have had the courage to attend to his leg and to have borne the pain which he must have endured for at least three or four months. Mr. Judd: I should like the full particulars of the school and all the facts about it for three months. Some communication should be made to the authorities. As to the further statement that letters have been sent to the boy and that no replies have been received, I think that is a matter that requires an explanation. Dr. Hetley (referring to the fact that the medical journal contained no entry of the broken leg): The doctor must be to blame for not finding it out. The boy in reply to the bench, said he went to the school in April, 1888, and broke his leg two months afterwards. Dr. Hetley: Here is distinct evidence of the boy's leg having been broken, and that the foot never noticed it, though he examined his within three inches of the fracture. The case was then adjourned for further inquiries to be made.

## Daiston.

**A VIOLENT CHARACTER.**—William Kinslow, an elderly man, who appeared in the dock with only

his shirt, trousers, and socks on, and trembled violently, was charged with being drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner in Grove-road, Holloway, at 4.30 Saturday morning. Constable 418 Y said that at the hour mentioned he came upon a prisoner, who was dressed as described, and behaving in a most violent manner, in Grove-road. Prisoner declared he would break all the windows in the road if he was not locked up. Prisoner now told the magistrate that he was an engine-fitter, and only six weeks from Chicago. He had lost his clothes and money, but he did not know where. Mr. Haden Corser: You had better go to the workhouse. Prisoner: I will thank your worship if you will send me to the workhouse, as I am very ill. Mr. Haden Corser: The officers will tell you where it is. Prisoner: I have no coat to go in. Mr. Haden Corser: You shouldn't get drunk and lose your coat. Subsequently, on certain representations by Gaoler Hutchins, the prisoner was sent to the workhouse in a cab.

## Stratford.

**APPEAL WITH A BAILIFF.**—Samuel Bailey, a water-carrier dealer, of Lea Bridge Gardens, Leyton, was charged on remand with assaulting William Shingle, a bailiff of the Bow County Court. Mr. Kitch prosecuted; Mr. Willis defended. It appeared that some time ago the prisoner was the defendant in the action Alcock v. Bailey, and on October 10th, Shingle went to the house to levy distress in satisfaction of the judgment. There were no goods at his house, but as Shingle and another officer were coming away, they met the prisoner with a pony and cart. They stopped him, and the warrant was read over, and Shingle told him that the pony and cart would be seized unless he made some arrangement with Mr. Alcock. Prisoner declared they were not his. He became violent, and when Shingle endeavoured to detain the horse, he received several blows with the butt end of a whip, and prisoner drove away. When arrested he said he was very sorry, and added that he wished he had allowed the pony to go. He now pleaded guilty to the assault, and after a consultation between the parties, a fine of 20s. and costs was imposed.

## INQUESTS.

**A DRUNKEN WOMAN'S DEATH.**—Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, coroner for South-east London, held an inquiry at the St. George's-in-the-East Workhouse respecting the death of Margaret Russell, aged 49, the wife of a tailor's presser, living at 5, Mayfield Buildings, St. George's. The evidence showed that she was given to drinking, and that a few days ago, having spent her husband's wages in getting drunk, she was found suffering from terrible injuries. According to her own account she had fallen downstairs, and she was removed to the workhouse just after a lapse of two days. The medical officer stated that all her ribs but four were broken, her collar bone was fractured, and she was extensively bruised. The inquest was adjourned for inquiries.

**STRUGGLING TO AVOID STARVATION.**—Mr. Coroner Baxter held an inquiry at the town hall, Poplar, respecting the death of George Tough, aged 57, a dock labourer, lately living at 16, Stewart-terrace, Poplar. Margaret Elizabeth Tough, the widow, stated that on Saturday, the 9th, her husband left home to go to work. He was very good, but at six o'clock he returned home, complaining of a pain in his chest and loins. He said that while carrying a load of timber he "came over faint," and had to leave his work. On Monday he tried to go to work, but was too ill. On Wednesday, when walking across the room, he fell over a box, and was unable to get up. Dr. Leslie was sent for, and attended him till Thursday, when he died in great agony. Annie Key, the landlady of 16, Stewart-terrace, stated that deceased said he had fallen while working in the dock. The Coroner: Did any one see him fall? Mr. Chivers (coroner's officer): No, sir; every inquiry had been made, but all we can ascertain is that while carrying deals he fainted, and was given some refreshment, and then went on with his work till night. Dr. Leslie, of 531, Manchester-road, stated that he found the deceased suffering from disease and intense pain. The autopsy showed death to be due to acute inflammatory disease of the stomach and the rupture of one of the attachments. As a fact, the man had been going to work for weeks past when he ought to have been in bed. Having no bread in the house, he struggled on till death overtook him. It was extraordinary that the man could have gone on so long as he did. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

**FATAL ACCIDENT IN WESTMINSTER.**—Mr. John Troutbeck, coroner, held an inquiry at the Westminster Sessions House concerning the death of Catherine Mary Maule, aged 4 years and 11 months, daughter of a packer, lately residing at 16, A Block, Peabody Buildings, Westminster. At a few minutes after one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the deceased was passing along Stratton Ground in charge of an elder sister, when somebody called to her from the opposite side of the road. The poor child, quite heedless of the danger, stepped off the kerb immediately in front of a green-rover's cart, which knocked her down, and the near side wheel passed over her. Mr. Godfrey Simpson, house surgeon at Westminster Hospital, said that the deceased was in a state of collapse when admitted, and died at four o'clock on the following morning, the cause of death being a rupture of the liver and hemorrhage into the abdominal cavity. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and exonerated the driver from all blame.

**BURNED TO DEATH AT HIGHGATE.**—Dr. G. Danford Thomas held an inquest at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court respecting the death of Mabel Elizabeth Thwaites, aged 4 years, the daughter of a carpenter and joiner, living at 27, Colva-cree, Highgate New Town. The mother of the deceased stated that on Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, she left the child in the kitchen while she ran into the garden; hearing screams she hurried back again, and found the deceased in flames. With the assistance of a lodger she put them out and sent for a doctor. In answer to the coroner the witness said she had a fire-guard, but it was on the grate upstairs. The child told her that she had put a piece of paper in the fire, and it had set her nightdress alight. Dr. Haynes, who was called in at the time, stated that the child was very much burnt about the body and neck, and died the next day from exhaustion and shock following the injuries. The jury returned a verdict of death from accidental causes.

**FATALITY AT SHOREDITCH.**—Mr. Langham held an inquest at St. Bartholomew's Hospital respecting the death of George Cooper, aged 52, of 9, Durant-street, Bethnal Green. The evidence showed that on the previous Saturday night the deceased, who was employed at the establishment of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, was going home. He was seen opposite the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, endeavouring to cross the roadway in front of an omnibus which was going along at a moderate pace. He stepped in front of the horses, and before the driver could pull up was knocked down and the wheels passed over his left leg. He was picked up and taken to the hospital, where it was found that his thigh was fractured. Mr. Roberts, house surgeon, said the man died from shock to the system, consequent upon the injuries, and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

**SINGULAR DISCOVERY AT KING'S CROSS.**—Dr. Danford Thomas held an inquest at St. Pancras Coroner's Court touching the death of a child thirteen weeks old, who was found alive under singular circumstances in the first-class waiting-room at the Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, in September last. Mrs. Sarah Fussell, attendant of the ladies' first-class room on the arrival platform, stated that on the 14th of September at 11 a.m. she noticed the hearthrug carefully wrapped up in front of a fireplace. A few hours afterwards she

heard "a cry" and found the deceased in the rug. She was not aware who deposited the child there. Dr. Dunlop, medical officer of St. Pancras Workhouse, deposed that the deceased when found was recently born. It had been neglected. The jury returned a verdict that some person or persons unknown were chargeable with causing the death.

**INFANT MORTALITY IN LAMBETH.**—Mr. O. P. Wyatt held two inquiries at the King's Head, High-street, Lambeth, relative to the deaths of John Robert Dibley, aged one month, the son of a fruiterer's assistant, residing at No. 1 St. James' Place, Charles-street, Lambeth, and Mary Ann Kott, aged three months, the daughter of an engineer's labourer, living at No. 51 Worcester-street respectively, both of whom were found dead in bed. After hearing the evidence of the medical gentleman, the jury returned a verdict of asphyxia in both cases.

## A REMARKABLE FIND.

A good deal of interest has been excited in scientific circles in the States by the discovery of a small figure of the human form which was brought up from a great depth while borings were being made for an artesian well at Nampa, in Idaho. Nampa is a station on the Oregon short line railway between Boise and the Snake River. The figure is described as "apparently the figure of a female, one leg and one arm being missing, made of baked clay. It is just such a production as an ingenious boy with a taste that way might now produce." The figure is about an inch and a half long, and it was brought up, it is said, in the sand pump from a depth of 320 feet. Extensive lava deposits cover the district. About the genuineness of the find there appears no doubt in the mind of authorities on the other side. The gentleman who was carrying out the boring operations was himself passing some of the sand as it came from the pump through his hands when he came upon the image, and it was seen at the time by the workmen engaged in driving the machinery. That it could have been put down the well is said to be impossible, because it would have been crushed to atoms by the machinery, and the figure itself bears traces of great age. It was enveloped in a reddish coloured cement, which on examination proved to be oxide of iron, which must have slowly collected upon its surface. Professor Putnam, of Cambridge, and Professor Haynes, of Boston, have seen the figure, and are satisfied of its genuineness, but they say that instead of being formed of baked clay it has been carved out of pumice stone. This discovery has upset several accepted theories. According to Mr. Emmons, of the United States Geological Survey, the beds from which it was derived are probably of far greater antiquity than any deposits in which human emblems have hitherto been found. But the find is in the line of others of human remains reported by Professor Whitney as made in the gold-bearing gravel of California, which in many instances is overlaid by extensive lava deposits. The "Nampa image," as it has come to be called, is believed to be fresh proof of the assertions of Professor Whitney and Professor Putnam that the human race was further developed on the Pacific slope in the earliest times than on the Atlantic coast or in Europe.

The Lord Chief Justice was on Saturday unable to take his usual seat in the Queen's Division in consequence of a severe cold from which he was suffering.

Notices were last week posted on Westminster Bridge, at the instance of the London Tramways Company, to the effect that at the ensuing session of Parliament a bill would be asked for in order to extend the service on this route.

The town council of Ayr have agreed to apply for a provisional order to light the town by electricity, and also for the purposes of private lighting. The cost of the substitution of electricity for gas is estimated at £20,000.

During a football match at Dorchester on Saturday, between the Dorchester and Poole Clubs, a young man, named Cartwright, belonging to the latter team, badly fractured his leg at the knee. His brother had just previously been disabled.

PEARS.—PARIS EXHIBITION.  
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PEARS.—FACILE PRINCEPS.  
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PEARS.—ONLY GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA.  
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PEARS.—For TOILET SOAP.  
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PEARS.—PARIS EXHIBITION.  
PEARS.—PARIS EXHIBITION.  
PEARS.—ONLY GOLD MEDAL.  
PEARS.—SPECIAL DIPLOMA.  
PEARS.—In COMPETITION with ALL the WORLD.  
PEARS.—HIGHEST HONOURS EVERYWHERE.  
PEARS.—PARIS EXHIBITION.  
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PEARS.—FACILE PRINCEPS.  
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PEARS.—HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARD.



**FATAL DUBL IN BERLIN.**

**JOHN THRIDGOULD and CO.**  
15 and 20, SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD  
LONDON, E. (Established 1844)



















The bronze has been awarded Edward Toombs for saving several lives from the peril of his last, when he rescued numerous lives from a burning building.